

THE LEGAL PROFESSION—AMOS G. HULL.

Whatever tends to elevate or dignify the learned professions, should challenge our sincere regard. The higher Schools, Academies and Universities, both in Europe and America, are the seats of learning where the foundation has been laid upon which have been reared those superstructures in science, in morals and in law which are the ornament and glory of the civilization of the present century. Hence it is that to this and to kindred academic shades we bow with profound respect. The relation which this academy sustains to the legal profession is but part and parcel of those vast and illimitable connections which the profession bears to enlightened society.

The curriculum of study in use here and in most of the academies in this country thirty-five years ago was modeled in some degree after the plan in use in England about the beginning of the last century. It follows, therefore, other things being equal, that the same course of study that would prepare a Burke or a Brougham, a Blackstone or a Pitt to wear a lawyer's gown, would make from the son of a man of toil in free America a Story or a Kent, a Marshall, or Spencer. In the few moments allotted to me it will be more congenial to my taste, and perhaps equally agreeable to you, if my words relate to the lawyers generally rather than those more particularly related to this academy.

One of the standing themes for playful satire at Academic Commencements for a great many years has been the faults, the foibles, the sins and the transgressions of the doctors, the lawyers, and the clergy-men.

They have managed to outlive them all, however, and to even multiply and increase in great numbers, and so far as the lawyers are concerned, they are becoming quite too numerous, at least a certain class of them are quite too numerous.

But then the learned professions deserve criticism. They are not yet what they should be, nor yet what they will be.

Why, there are doctors that have been hung. There are more, no doubt, that ought to be. There are ministers that have been sent to prison. There are more that ought to be. There are lawyers that have been locked up in penitentiaries. There are others, perhaps, that will be. But I came here to speak of the good deeds of the lawyers, and not to denounce them; and I will say of the learned professions generally, while passing, that while poor, frail, erring man shall need the lamp of life to guide his feet in the straight and narrow path that leads to realms immortal, the faithful pastor will always be a needed and welcome guide. That until such time as man shall have absolute immunity from accident or ills, the skillful surgeon and the patient physician will always be a harbinger of good at the bedside of him who is racked with pain or languishes with disease. And while men have rights to be protected or wrongs redressed, numismats of title to be established, or property to be preserved, the faithful lawyer will be found to be an indispensable and useful member of society. Why! blot out the learned professions to-day, and society might then well become a noisome refulgent planetary orb that had been shorn of nine-tenths her beams, which would forever thereafter "in dim eclipse disastrous twilight shed." But what have the lawyers done to help along the march of progress? They are generally spoken of as the conservative class—the old fogies. I admire conservative men (in their places.) With all its faults I love my profession, and you must pardon me if I speak of it in high praise.

We have had radical men in the legal profession also. The immortal Cicero was a radical lawyer; he preferred to call himself a statesman and philosopher, but he was a lawyer, nevertheless. No man ever advocated greater simplicity or brevity in the forms of pleading than he. For example, for the form of pleading in an action of ejectment he gave this:

The plaintiff says, "The Sabine farm is mine." The defendant shall say, "No, 'tis mine." Then follows the testimony, then the judgment. Such a pleading would be concise enough to have pleased William Curtis Noyes or Benjamin Vaughn Abbott.

Lord Bacon was a radical lawyer, so was Edmund Burke and Sir William James and Lord Brougham.

The labors of an English lawyer, although not so extended at the time by him, contributed to aid in bringing about the great Revolution in the American colonies whose Centennial we this year celebrate. But how could an English barrister, a loyalist, who never saw this country aid in inciting that Revolution? Much every way. The story might be long; I will make the argument short.

Prior to the time of Pope Innocent IV the study of the common law of England had been pursued in colleges, academies, universities and in the families of the most eminent Bishops.

That Pope abolished the study as tending to heresy. The prohibition continued under his ban, until the time of the great Protestant Reformation.

From that time onward until about 1750, the study had been mostly confined to the law offices, and the Inns of Court. Up to that time, there had been no treatise or book upon the laws of the land designed for general or popular use. In 1753, about twenty years before the first rumbling sounds of our Revolution, a young English lawyer, who had failed to obtain a living by the practice of law, but who wielded a most polished and gifted pen, conceived the idea of writing commentaries upon the whole system of English law for popular use.

In 1766, just twenty years before the Declaration of Independence, he published an analysis of the laws of England. In October, 1768, he read his

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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opening lecture on law at Oxford before some of the most learned men of the realm. He was unanimously elected to a professorship under an endowment of £1500, or sixty thousand dollars, made that year to Oxford College by an eminent lawyer, Charles Vinor. His lectures were published broadcast and were read by all the professions and in all intelligent circles. The sons of the wealthy doctors, the lawyers, the doctors, the planters, the farmers, and the merchants of this country were frequently sent to Europe to be educated. They read these lectures with great avidity. They were republished in this country in great numbers. Were these commentaries designed to be Revolutionary? or Jacobin doctrines? Not at all.

But there was one thing revolutionary, and that was thought. Thought is always revolutionary. The public mind began to think about rights and wrongs; rights of property, and rights of things; private rights and public wrongs. The students, the young men of the country, began to think, and as they thought the inspiration of laudible ambition came upon them. The author to which I refer had about this time published two essays for popular use. One upon Magna Charta, and the other one the Forest Charter; and when the educated young men of America came to read the words Nulli Vendemus, Nulli negabimus, aut differemus rectum aut judicium, to none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay right or justice,—and then remembered the long catalogue of wrongs and injustice to the colonies by King George the III, which were afterward enumerated by Jefferson in his immortal declaration, every drop of patriotic blood coursing in the veins descended from the English barons, who had extorted Magna Charta from King John in the 13th century, was aroused, and no wonder that the Revolution of 1776 was a success. It is worthy of note that the commentaries of that lawyer were sought after with more zeal in this country than in Europe. One publisher in 1772, Robert Bell, of Philadelphia, received subscriptions for about fourteen hundred sets, equal to about five thousand six hundred volumes. The edition of that year contains the subscription list, all of whom give their occupations, embracing lawyers, doctors, clergymen, farmers, teachers, and mechanics. The illustrious John Adams heads the list. It is said that there was not a member of the convention of 1776 who was not an owner of a copy of those commentaries. It is needless to say to the lawyers here that the name of the author was William Blackstone, afterwards judge, and then Sir William Blackstone. Another eminent lawyer helped along the work of our national Independence, Edmund Burke, who has been properly designated as one of the greatest of the sons of men. By his speeches in parliament he did gigantic work in staying up the hands of the struggling colonists. While the convention of 1776 was composed of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, farmers and mechanics, yet the controlling element was the lawyers.

I cannot forbear to speak of the lawyers in respect to their good example as men of industry. No doctor or clergyman or merchant or farmer, or tolling mechanic, exalts a good lawyer in the matter of industry. It is true they seldom become rich by their industry. An eminent counselor once said, the proper epitaph of lawyers would be "Here lies a man who worked hard, lived well, and died poor." From antiquity down good lawyers have been men of industry. Tribonian the greatest lawyer under the reign of Justinian, the author of the code, the compiler of the Pandects and the author of the Institutes, which have taken the name of the Justinian Code and Institutes, wrote works on the Science of Government—a review of Ptolemy's astronomy and a review of the literature of Greece and Rome. At the head of a Commission composed of seventeen other lawyers, in three years he condensed two thousand volumes into fifty. Three million sentences were abridged to one hundred and fifty thousand. And the civil law as by him condensed is, to-day, regarded as authority by several of the governments of Europe. Lord Bacon, one of the greatest lawyers of his age, in addition to the arduous labors of his calling, became a voluminous writer on a multitude of subjects. His writings will continue to affect the intercourse of men as long as the English language shall be spoken.

Then contemplate for a moment the industry of Edmund Burke, who, in addition to his duties in parliament and in conducting the trial for the impeachment of Warren Hastings, which trial lasted fourteen years, found time to become the author of works upon History, Philosophy, Belles Lettres, Science and Government which fill more than twenty volumes of as choice readings as was ever published.

Then, again, Henry Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, while engaged in the duties of his profession and wearing the judicial ermine, wrote and published nearly thirty volumes embracing History, Biography, Politics, Science, Philosophy and Law, all works of the most profound research and enduring merit. Chancellor Kent, amidst his other duties, prepared his commentaries, which

are not inferior to those of Sir William Blackstone. Then, in our own State, Benjamin Vaughn Abbot, of New York, a modest lawyer, has prepared as many volumes of books as did Justinian's prime minister, all of which are indispensable to the profession.

This academy has had the honor of furnishing the academic education of some of the most eminent lawyers in the country. Among those who have worn the judicial ermine we all are proud to record the name of Judge George F. Constock. For his legal acumen, for the extent of his research, for the clearness and justness of his decisions, he has no superior in this country. Then we have a United States Judge, the eloquent and distinguished John F. Kinney, now of Nebraska. We have him here now as the presiding officer of the day. Judge Ransom H. Tyler, also an industrious and faithful author, an honest and upright judge. Of him it may be said, as was once said of Sir Walter Scott, that in the midst of the duties of a laborious calling, he has found time to write more than men of leisure found time to read. Not because the books were unacceptable, however. Then we have Cyrus Whitney, your learned, laborious, conscientious and upright County Judge. And your excellent Recorder Higgins, of Oswego. Also Columbus Upson, a Judge, of San Antonio. Among the Statesmen and Government officials we have your eloquent Gov. Beach, of Watertown, William H. Baker, your member of Congress, Hon. Richard Sanford, of New York, George Erskine, of Racine, Wisconsin, Senator Buckham, of Minnesota, John Barker and S. P. Parsons, of Michigan, John Y. Smith, of Iowa, Major Gen. Giles A. Smith, of California, and many others.

Among the lawyers who have been teachers who were educated here, may be named that distinguished and popular teacher, John R. French, LL.D., now professor of mathematics in Syracuse University. Also William H. Gillespie, of Oswego, and Abner Davison, of Iowa. And among the prominent lawyers in active practice, who were students here, should be named George G. French, William A. Poucher, A. E. Kellogg, W. G. Robinson, J. J. Lamoree, M. L. Wright, George W. Bradner, V. S. Stone, J. W. Fenton, N. W. Nutting, S. M. Coon, W. H. Kenyon, David P. Lester, C. F. Whitney, William Tiffany, H. C. Benedict, and S. N. Dada.

In Onondaga county, C. L. Stone, A. L. Johnson, and S. N. Holmes. B. D. Dixon, and Geo. O. Baker, of Wayne Co. James E. Chandler and Mason S. Brewster, of New York.

But we have a matter to deplore connected with the profession, which is not the fault of the lawyers, but one of the calamities of bad legislation. Prior to the year 1846, before a student could be permitted to practice as a lawyer, a clerkship in a law office of seven years, after the age of fourteen, was required; but four years of classical study was allowed as a part of the seven, and then, after being admitted as an attorney, he was not permitted to try causes at the circuit or argue causes in the Supreme Court or before the Courts of Equity, until he had practised three years.

At the expiration of that time he must undergo another examination before he could take the degree of counselor. In 1846 there assembled at Albany a convention of men to revise the State constitution. That convention had among its members some mere demagogues. That convention undertook the task of "making every man his own lawyer." Knowing that I am entering upon a delicate subject, I shall proceed with care and give authority. I now cite the language of Attorney General Tremain from an address delivered by him before the graduating class of the Albany Law School in May of the present year. After quoting the language of that constitution which declares that any male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, of good moral character, and who possesses the requisite qualifications of learning and ability, shall be entitled to admission to practice in all the courts of this State. He adds "This provision the convention after several refusals was induced to adopt, at the solicitation of an aged member of the convention who had spent his life as a practitioner in Courts of Justice of the Peace, but had been unable to obtain admission to the Bar.

As Judge Tremain aptly expresses it, "That opened the Pardon Box." Scores of uneducated men, young and old, rushed for admission to practice law. The profession became crowded, and borne down by the weight of what are called in the cities, "Shysters," in the country, "Pettifoggers." By an amendment to the constitution in 1870, we have corrected this abuse, and the Shysters hereafter will be kept out. But another generation must pass away before we shall be rid of all the evils of that most deplorable constitution.

But the profession is on a better tack. Brighter skies are overhead. Better pilots are at the helm. And whatever we may find in the past in the profession to deplore, we can say of the lawyers who obtained their academic education here, that they have nothing to

regret, but much for congratulation.

And now in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen of the alumni, when we reflect upon the kind reception we are receiving at this reunion, the warm hands we grasp, the pleasant faces we meet; the sincere words of welcome springing from cordial hearts which greet us, as we shall say as we return to our respective homes from this joyous and delightful occasion: "Hæc alius meminisse juvabit."

These scenes hereafter it will delight us to recall.

The choir then sang a piece entitled "A Hundred Years Hence," in which humor and seriousness were well combined; after which James V. Kendall, of Baldwinsville, was introduced and delivered an address upon "The Academy and the Medical Profession." An abstract or outline of this address would do it full justice, and as publication of it in gross injustice, and would seriously interfere with the arrangements made for the pamphlet, in which all the speeches and proceedings will shortly be published, we can only say that for the general information it contained relative to the many physicians who have gone out from our academy, and for the widespread interest taken in it by the audience, it was not excelled by any address of the day. The skill shown by its author in the arrangement of facts, and the peroration upon the necessity for an elevation of the standard of the profession, reflected the greatest credit upon the literary ability of Dr. Kendall.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS—BY D. W. C. PECK.

In ancient Judea, when the wild notes of the trumpet rang among the mountains and through the plains proclaiming the fiftieth year; the year of jubilee the year of rest, the axe and hammer, the sickle and flail, all implements of labor were laid aside; the ass unharnessed, the ox unyoked, the land at rest; and old and young, masters and bondmen, mistresses and handmaids, thronged the valleys and hillsides, coming up to Jerusalem to hear proclamation of their freedom.

Mexico Academy has sent to all her children, through all the land, a ringing note of the jubilee year; a note of invitation, to come with gladness back to this quiet seat, to receive from her lips, proclamation of the freedom of their intellectual natures, in the temporary release from those worse than Judean taskmasters the care and toil of business life.

You have heard the summons "and though travel stained and footsore upon the great highway of life," have listened to the voice and come up here to rest.

When we look back to events occurring within the remotest periods of our own recollection, it is difficult to recall the sensations we experienced while those events were in progress: We cannot enter again fully into the struggles and trials, and realize the hopes and fears, the doubts and difficulties which attended us at first. "The present has power over our senses" and colors even our imagination, so that it requires no common effort of the will "to recall the sensations which expired with preceding events."

Much more difficult is it for us to catch the spirit of former times, to try the character of other men, by the traces they have left upon the communities in which they lived, by the institutions which are shadows, to know the greatness of the men who cast them. Yet this is the province of History.

To arrive at a fair understanding of the circumstances out of which this institution had its origin, it will be necessary to go back and see the pioneers struggling for a scanty subsistence amid the stumps, and stones of their rude clearings, to visit them at their homes in the rough log-cabins, and acquaint ourselves with the obstacles with which they had to contend.

The first public work which they undertook, was the opening of highways. This was important to them, not only to enable people of different settlements to communicate, but to induce immigration and to lighten by dividing burdens, and to lighten by sharing the pleasures of their young and growing societies.

The next public enterprise was the establishment of schools.

The proceedings of the first meeting for this purpose, we give in the language of the record. "At a special town meeting held at the house of Calvin Tiffany on the 3d day of June, 1813, in compliance with the act for the establishment of common schools. Stutely Palmer, Peter Pratt, and Jonathan Wing were chosen commissioners of common schools in said town, and Timothy Norton, Denison B. Palmer, Elijah Everts, Wm. D. Wightman, Joseph Bailey and Elias Brewster inspectors of said schools."

"Voted, to raise by tax on said town for the use of common schools sixty dollars. ELIAS BREWSTER, Town Clerk."

Mexico then included within its territory the present towns of Parish, and New Haven; and it is probable that the appropriation was intended to defray the expenses of the commissioners in laying out the territory into school districts, which work, they succeeded in completing on the 21st of June.

Our country was at this time engaged in a fierce conflict with Great Britain. The struggle beginning in 1812 was now at its highest.

War always paralyzing to industry, is especially destructive on the frontier, the scene of conflict. The frequent alarms, the constant apprehension of danger excite the stoutest hearts. The farmer plants knowing not who may gather; and he harvests knowing not who may consume.

On the 5th of May 1814 the British invest Oswego. Cannonading is continued between fleet and fort throughout the day, a shore party is landed during the night and next morning the American commander, seeing further resistance hopeless, surrenders.

Signal-men have been appointed from station to station along the line to Rome. The settlers of Mexico are listening with breathless interest, hour after hour, to the sounds of conflict borne on the wind from Oswego. At last the roar of cannon ceases. For a while all is still, when upon the throbbing air come reports of three musket discharges fired in quick succession. Sherman Hosmer and Shubal Alfred step to the center of the street and fire three muskets. And in a few moments three distinct reports are heard from the east. It is the signal of defeat and disaster travelling from Oswego to Rome by the best system of telegraphy known to them. There is no flinching there, hardly men and brave, prepare for the worst. Noble women gather their children about them and hastily preparing their little clothing, set out for the place of rendezvous previously agreed upon. The house of Roland Crossman on the hill west of the village (where Wm. S. Warren now resides) is near the summit from which troops may first be descried. Indians have been employed in defense, and though friendly to the Americans, when maddened by fight and defeat, may be dangerous guests, should the line of their retreat lie in this direction.

Roland P. Crossman (now residing in Oswego) is posted as a sentinel on the summit, to give alarm at the first approach of Indians, and while Mrs. Crossman prepares a hasty meal, and food to be carried away, the other women plan the details of flight. Babies, baskets, and bundles are assigned to each older child according to prudence, size or strength, and places of rendezvous in the deep hollows and dark recesses of the woods appointed. Night comes on, and wears away in anxiety. Our troops with their Indian allies are making a rapid and steadily night march along the shores of Ontario dragging their guns, and rutting the soil of Mexico with the wheels of cannon. In a few days the whole settlement is electrified with the glorious news, that the English force has been entrapped, and after a bloody fight every man taken by our troops at Little Sandy Creek.

Undaunted by such alarms, undeterred by such excitements, considering only the wants of their dear ones and the good of society, only a month and a day from the attack on Oswego, the men of Mexico assemble again in special town meeting and vote to raise for common school purposes double the amount which shall be appropriated by the state. Next year the vote is to raise three times the amount appropriated, and growing more grandly noble from sacrifices already made, a few years later the record reads: "Voted, That twenty dollars raised for the purchase of weights and measures as standards for the use of said town, and which sum is now in the hands of William S. Fitch, be paid to the commissioners of common schools for the benefit of said schools."

"Voted, That the Supervisor of said town raise for the use of common schools the largest sum which is allowed by law."

To those men these were weightier matters than determining whether their bushels held an ear of corn more or less.

Such was the spirit of the times in which Mexico academy had its origin.

At the time the corner stone of the "Old Brick Academy" was laid, Oswego county had no court house, nor clerk's office. Supreme and County Courts were held in school houses, and the records were kept in private dwellings. Oswego had not risen to the dignity of an incorporated village, it had no mills, no elevators, no canal, and the Welland canal not yet opened, it may almost be said to have had no commerce.

An originally formed School Dist. No. 5 was three miles long from north to south, by 2½ miles from east to west. Soon after a strip, half a mile wide, was added to the east side, and the district then divided by the line of Black Creek, into two portions of nearly equal size.

That lying west being still known as No. 5, while the east side became No. 8. School houses were built without delay, one in the fork of the road where the residence of Theodore Doil now stands, the other, a short distance east of the present residence of Asa Beebe.

During the winter 1819-20 John Howard was employed as a teacher in the Alfred District. He was a man of more than common energy—well educated, ambitious, and persevering. He conceived the idea of erecting a building two stories high, and grading the schools; the ordinary district school to be kept in the lower room, while the upper story should be devoted to the purposes of a high school.

He employed his evenings in the work

of going from house to house, and urging, with all his power of argument, the consolidation of Dist's Nos. 5 and 8.

He is said to have been eloquent, even magnetic when talking on his favorite theme, and he found many willing listeners, always enthusiastic upon the subject of schools. The enterprising he stimulated, the timid he encouraged, and he conquered opponents by the sheer force of will.

His efforts culminated May 8, 1820, in action of the school commissioners, consolidating Dist's 5 and 8 in one grand district, whose bounds stretched from the present residence of Matthew Midlam, east three miles to a point near the Kenyon school house, then north three miles to a point near the residence of David Rider, thence west to the residence of Alvina Lawrence, thence to the place of beginning. The whole of the present Dist's 7, 8, 9, and parts of seven others were contained within these ample bounds.

So sanguine of success were the friends of the measure, that before this result was attained, subscriptions were secured, payable mostly in labor and material, logs were cut and drawn to mill, and preparations made for burning brick.

Several are still living who hauled stone for foundations, brick for walls, and chopped timber for joists and studs. So great was the undertaking for the comparatively small number engaged, that the walls were not completed until December was well advanced; so severe was the weather, that some refused to work in the mortar beds and on the building. Now it became intensely cold; the walls were up but not roofed; there was great danger that the mortar would be so injured and weakened by the frost, that all the toil and struggle of a year might come to naught. There were brick ovens in those days; and Capt. Leonard Ames with ready wit, and will sufficient for any emergency, called together the men and axes, and soon the sound of a score of axes was heard upon the premises now occupied by Charles Webb, then the whirr and crash and thud of great trees falling; then these were cut into logs, the logs were drawn with oxen, while the limbs were piled upon sledges or carried upon shouldered to the front of the building. One team unyoked, driven singly through the door, was yoked upon the inside, and with lengthened chain the large logs were drawn into the building. There they were rolled, with shout and hurrah, into a great heap in the center, limbs and dry wood piled among them, and fired.

When night came on Capt. Ames detailed companies of young men, with the injunction, "Boys, whenever the fire burns low, roll in more logs—pile on more limbs." Thus, day after day, and night after night, that fire was kept burning, crackling, roaring, until the walls were dry.

Oh! how the blaze of that fire, shining down through the years, lights up that scene; revealing the active forms, the strong character, the sacrificing spirit of the men of those times. There is cheer in it, and brightness, and encouragement for us. Gentlemen trustees, citizens of Mexico, friends of Mexico Academy, does your institution seem to languish sometimes, does society grow indifferent, and prospects appear dark, look back, beyond the shadows of the years, upon that light and its revelations; see the life, and glow, and courage, and enthusiasm, and patience, and perseverance. Hark! Listen! The air is vibrating—the winds are bringing down a message. 'Tis the voice of Capt. Ames. "Boys, whenever the fire burns low, roll in more logs—pile on more limbs."

The building is soon completed; each story containing a single room. A huge fireplace in the north end, with back log and fore log, and blazing sticks warms the room below, reënfused by a great box stove at the opposite end, while box stoves do duty above.

John Howard is installed teacher of the high school. Laura Fish is placed in control of the other department. Who was Laura Fish? She is described as tall, commanding, slightly portly in figure, beautiful in feature, stately in carriage, and engaging in manner; to use the words of a former pupil, now a grey-haired senator, "She was a queen, fit to grace any court in Christendom." Her career was a romance, distancing in thrilling interest the highest creations of fiction. Her life was a reality under the providence of God, showering blessing upon a nation; and leaving an impress which time may not efface.

Such a career as hers we cannot dismiss with a passing notice. She, though Heaven's now is ours still. She was virtually our first preceptor.

Leaving Mexico she went to teach in Clifton, but did not long remain. A young physician at Paris Hill, had from a sense of duty offered his services to the American Board of Foreign Missions. An expedition was to sail in a few days. He was at first gladly accepted; on listsments were for life, and the board had a rule not to accept any unmarried man. Questioned as to this he informed them he was not married, not engaged, not even so inclined. His study had been medicine, not matrimony.

They would accept him married, unmarried, not. On his disappointed way home, he thought of Laura Fish; he had

met and admired her. Arrived home, he sent his uncle Hastings, a prudent ambassador, who at first carefully introduced the subject of missions and found her already interested, and favorably pre-disposed.

Said he: "Perchance the call may be to distant isles beyond the western sea; Perhaps to savage tribes unkept and low; Should it be such, would you decline to go? 'If they should need my help,' she answered, 'no.'"

One question more upon his lips still lay. One question more, and he can go his way. "If, then, to these lone isles you cheerfully go, To lift degraded men from vice and woe, Will you consent to cross the briny flood, The bride and wife of Dr. Garrett Judd?"

All color from her face an instant flew, And then, rushed back a flush of burning red; And then, confused, her hands concealed her face, And then, the tears crept down her cheeks apace, And then, resolved, she brushed aside the dew, And let a smile, like morning light, break through, And, calmer now, but agitated still, She whispered low to Hastings, "Yes, I will."

The good ship "Parthian" sailed at the appointed day. Arrived at the Sandwich Islands, they found them inhabited by a race of fierce and filthy cannibals; one old fellow was introduced to Mrs. Judd, who boasted that forty-five years ago he had feasted upon Capt. Cook's heart.

The missionaries at once addressed themselves to the task of giving the natives a written language, that they might educate them. Mrs. Judd performed part of this labor, a dictionary was made, the testament translated, school instituted, "finally courts were established, court houses, prisons, roads and bridges built, a code of justice enacted, and in 1840 the king gave his people a written constitution recognizing Christianity as the foundation of the government."

A son of Dr. and Mrs. Judd, born there, is now Chief Justice of the islands.

Such was Laura Fish. What wonder that before the first year of our school was ended, people with prophetic intuition began to call it "the academy."

The act of incorporation of "Rensselaer Oswego Academy" had its inception in a spirit of rivalry between Mexico and Prattville. As early as 1798 a small schooner was built to trade between Mexico Point and Kingston, and in 1804 it is said there was more trade at the Point than at Utica or Oswego. A road had been opened to connect that place, then called "Versa Cruz," with Oneida Lake. This, like the one from Oswego to Rome, was called a State Road. Prattville was located near the intersection of these roads. Some of the ablest, best educated, and most responsible men of the town resided there, and becoming envious of the growing importance of Mexico, procured from the legislature an act of incorporation naming Chester Hayden, Nathaniel Butler, Moses P. Hatch, Peter Pratt, David R. Dixon, Seth Severance, James Abel, Orris Hart, Hastings Curtis, William Williams, Oliver Ayer, John A. Paine, Henry Williams, Elias Brewster, George B. Davis, Samuel Emery, Mason W. Southworth and Avery Skinner, as its first board of trustees.

At the first meeting of the board, June 10, 1826, there was a little spirit of concession. The site was fixed upon two acres of land, forming a beautiful knoll, situate on the cross road running from the present residence of Mr. Walworth to C. C. Eddy's. It was determined to build a house of brick 34 by 44 ft., and a building committee was appointed, who at a subsequent meeting reported that they had purchased 50,000 brick, and estimated the cost of enclosing the structure at \$700.

During the year the contest between the rival villages waxed hotter. It extended to town affairs, to church and to schools. A special meeting of the trustees was called for April 24, 1827. A ballot was taken, and it was decided—"That the site for the academy be removed to the vicinity of Judge Pratt's."

The first location was about midway between the villages, the latter in Prattville, upon lands now owned by John E. Jones.

May 9th, 1827, the first election of trustees took place in the "Slack School House," and so much more powerful was Prattville in the organization, that no person was elected a trustee who was not immediately interested in that place.

The institution was named in honor of the great land-holder, Van Rensselaer in the expectation, for which there was some foundation, that in return for the compliment, he would contribute liberally to the necessary funds.

School was opened under the auspices of the corporation in 1826, in the brick school house at Mexico by M. W. Southworth, with Miss Carrie Benham as Preceptress. The following year it was taught by Eliasaph Dorchester. He was followed by Mr. White.

It was a shrewd move on the part of Mexico, to permit this Prattville institution to open business in its own cherished brick building. It had hitherto served as the only church for all religious societies. Here funerals were attended. It was the town hall. It was the home of schools. Here, in the progress of time, the academy took firm root. The people of Prattville were disappointed by not receiving the expected gift from Van Rensselaer, repeated committees were appointed to solicit subscriptions, with poor success; the Oswego canal, nearly completed, would destroy trade and business at Oneida Lake, Mexico Point had lost its commercial importance; Mexico village was increasing fast; population was attracted thither by its water power, its mills, and factories; the academy, which Prattville had founded, and had not now the power to remove, contributed largely to its growth; and at last becoming wearied by discouragement, disheartened by failure, our rival submitted to the inevitable, and allowed us to take control of the organization.

During the administration of Mr. Shephard as principal, the lower story was partitioned off into small rooms used mostly for dormitories. The "Assembly Room," up stairs, was fitted up with rows of small desks along two sides and one

(Continued on fourth page.)

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINNEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Selinney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.
All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Syle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 31, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 3d.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month.

Morning prayer.
1st Lesson—Deuteronomy vi.
2d Lesson—Matthew xx.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Deuteronomy vii.
2d Lesson—James iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

A Deaf-Mute Picnic.

The deaf-mutes of Mexico, with the children of our household and that of Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, accompanied by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet, concluded that a picnic at the lake (Ontario) would be a good investment in the way of recreation and pleasure.

Accordingly George Kenyon's new stage which by the way is a very commodious and easy riding vehicle, was chartered for the occasion, and, with George to manipulate the ribbons, the ride was a very comfortable and safe one. The load of live freight was somewhat heavy, but a pair of strong horses were able to convey us to the blue waters of old Ontario soon enough to prevent exhaustion from the effects of a five mile ride in a stage load of passengers.

The day was magnificent, neither too cold nor excessively hot—in fact a very happy medium between the two—the skies were cloudless and Tuesday, the 22nd inst., witnessed a happy convale of friends enroute at about nine o'clock A. M., for Mexico Bay, a very familiar and much frequented point, well known to and often patronized by the citizens of this village and surrounding country for picnic purposes. Arriving at the Bay in due time, the excursionists engaged in various ways of spending the time in such a manner as to derive the greatest pleasure. Some took an oarboat ride over the waters of Salmon Creek which empties into Mexico Bay, in search of pond lilies. Others spread their shawls and carriage robes upon the turf and sat down to enjoy chatty conversations and inhale the invigorating breath wafted from the bosom of the beautiful lake, which extends from a south-westerly to a north-easterly course, 190 miles in length with an average width of 60 miles.

As the hour of dinner approached Old Dame Nature asserted her rights, and sharpened appetites demanded something more substantial than water lilies and fresh water breezes. At 12:30 every one was seated at the table in the enchanting chestnut grove, and at the conclusion of a very solid dinner befitting the occasion it was unnecessary to propound the question whether or not all had relished the repast. Works are better evidence than words, and the table showed conclusively that no idlers had sat around that festal board. With keen appetites fully satiated and crockery and other table utensils collected and packed the picnicers again betook themselves to the enjoyments which surroundings afforded in abundance, such as boat-riding, strolling beneath the ample shade of majestic chestnuts and oaks or promading on the pebbly beach and others in great and easy swings circumnavigating the space between the earth beneath and the heavens above.

A while afterwards, Dr. Gallaudet, our oldest son (Lewis) and myself repaired to a convenient place and spent some time in a very "free bath." The breezes being fresh, our bath somewhat resembled those (save the tides) of Long Branch and Coney Island.

Having spent a reasonable time in enjoying the pleasures of a Mexico Bay excursion and picnic, we all took passage by Kenyon's "express" (for us) in the direction of South Richmond, about seven miles distant, where reside the families of Milton A. and Lawrence N. Jones, to pay them a brief visit before we should return to Mexico. We enjoyed a very pleasant visit with these friends, partaking of a sumptuous supper at the house of Mr. L. N. Jones, Mr. M. A. Jones who lives in a house opposite being also present with his family. Lawrence and his wife have three children, two boys and one girl, and Milton and his wife have two girls. All of the children of both families are in full possession of hearing and speaking faculties and are intelligent, well-behaved boys and girls.

Lawrence loaned us the use of his lantern, so that we might enjoy at the same time a fine evening ride home and not experience the inconvenience of holding deaf-mute conversations on account of darkness. At about 8:20, after adjusting our borrowed light in the central part of the stage, we bade our friends good evening and started for Mexico, the point of our morning's exodus. By the convenient light shed forth from the lantern, we were enabled without difficulty to pursue our conversations and mirthful jokes very beautifully to Mexico, six miles, which we reached at ten o'clock, after having spent a day and an evening of unalloyed pleasure.

Dr. Gallaudet remained in town and participated in the Mexico Academy Semi-Centennial of the 23d and 24th inst., till Thursday afternoon, the second day of the reunion, when he left for Marblehead, Mass., by way of Albany and Boston, where he was to see Mr. Wm. B. Sweet on business connected with the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes and also to hold a deaf-mute service in Boston Sunday, the 27th inst.

Mrs. Gallaudet remains in this place to continue her visits among her numerous friends till September 5th when she will leave for Rome, and on the 7th resume her journey for her city home.

The Cook County Illinois Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

Is the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL friendly to institutions? It knows that the buildings of the Illinois Institution have recently been enlarged, but it urges that it is already over-crowded. Until it has read the official notice of the Superintendent, it remains to be seen.—*Deaf-mutes Advance.*

In a practical point with a close observer of the subject, it matters but little whether or not there has been an enlargement of the Jacksonville Institution buildings. The day for over-grown institutions for the instruction of deaf-mutes is fast growing out of popular favor with a large portion of the best friends of deaf-mute education. Besides many out of the large number of deaf-mutes living in and near the great Metropolis of the west will never receive any benefit from the Jacksonville Institution, owing to its great distance from their residences, and the consequent increased expense not only of attending school abroad and the added expense of going to and returning from the same.

Many people are able, as it is a well known fact, to attend a home school who could not afford to obtain it at a long distance, and the principle applies alike to both deaf-mute and speaking children.

In case an Institution is started in Cook county, as is very much needed in or near Chicago, pupils would be easily furnished for a large school without drawing largely from the old Institution many children who, if they were to depend upon the Jacksonville Institution would, as many are now doing, be growing up in ignorance. This fact is clearly proven by the establishment of the Rome, N. Y. Institution which is largely increasing its number of pupils without materially decreasing the number of pupils at the New York Institution.

We are as firm a friend of the Jacksonville Institution as we are of any other Institution in existence, but are also in favor of educating all deaf-mutes, and when a large number of them reside remotely from any established Institution, we favor the plan of erecting one which shall afford them facilities for home instruction.

We fully believe that it is the imperative duty of the people of Chicago and Cook County to erect an Institution. Their rights to a home institution are as just and valid as are those of deaf-mutes living in and near Jacksonville.

We are, as before stated, opposed to massing the entire number of deaf-mute school children of a large and populous State in one Institution, no matter if its capacity is sufficient to accommodate so many. The best educational interests of deaf-mutes can not be so well promoted in over-grown Institutions as in those of a small growth.

If the State of New York had at this time another Institution started in Albany, the educational advantages to the deaf-mutes would be largely enhanced, and there would be no danger of injuring any one of those already existing. The number of Institutions should be in every State in proportion to the number of deaf-mutes of school age, in order to effect the best promotion of their educational good and moral advancement. A requisite number of Institutions in each State would turn out a much better class of graduates than could be done by massing an undue number of pupils in one great Institution.

If an Institution is erected in Cook county a few pupils may possibly be drawn from the Jacksonville Institution, but in a few years it will be again by natural increase filled to its very utmost capacity and a large Institution in or near Chicago also be well patronized.

A Strayed Deaf-Mute.

Alfred Rouleau, a deaf-mute, a cigar maker by occupation, and a son of a widow, left his mother's home in Montreal, Canada, last summer for some part of the United States and has not since been heard from. His mother who depended upon him for assistance and is poor, is feeling very anxious to know where he is. Any one knowing of the whereabouts of the above-named person, will confer a favor on his distressed mother by addressing a letter to Mr. R. Slater, Secretary of the Deaf-Mute Literary Association, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The Itch, which is a Protean disease, and undoubtedly of animalcular origin, can only be effectually and permanently cured by sulphur. GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP presents the remedy in its most agreeable and effective shape. Sold everywhere.

The Itomizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itomizer.*

Mr. W. W. of Creston, Iowa, has a little deaf-mute daughter, and has engaged a lady teacher for her at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, with board.

Prof. Robert P. McGREGOR, principal of the Cincinnati day-school for deaf-mutes, and Miss Hester M. Porter, a teacher in the Maryland Institution for Deaf-mutes, were married on the 17th inst., at Cumberland, Md.

Prof. THOS. J. TRIST, after spending several weeks of his vacation at Clifton Springs, N. Y., has lately returned to the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-mutes, of which he is a faithful and efficient teacher, to resume the duties of his position at the opening of the term.

Mr. LARS M. LARSON, of Springfield, Wis., lately a pupil of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-mutes, will enter the National Deaf-mute College, at Washington, D. C., as a student at the beginning of the term, Sept. 12th.

Speaking of the JOURNAL, Mr. Larson says he is well pleased with it, as it contains so much news and valuable correspondence, and expresses his opinion that it is just the paper suited to the wants of the American deaf-mutes.

It is reported that Miss H. H. BISHOP, a relative of Mrs. A. BISHOP, (formerly Miss CORNELL) and matron of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf-mutes, has been appointed matron of the above Institution in place of Miss L. HILL resigned.

A deaf and dumb young lady, daughter of HENRY SLACK, of New Carlisle, Ohio, was a few days ago so shockingly burned at her home, in this evening, by the explosion of a can of coal oil, that she died the following morning.

MR. LEVI WHITLOCK, of Lyons, N. Y., was recently united with GRACE, the youngest daughter of Mr. CORNELIUS CUDDEBACK, of West Junis, N. Y., in holy wedlock. Mr. Whitlock is a cousin to the wife of Mr. EDWARD C. BENEDICT's brother.

MR. EDWARD C. STONE, Principal of the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes, at Hartford, Conn., writes the following to the *Silent World*:

MISS NANCIE A. WING, one of the teachers in the Asylum, died at her father's residence, at Wayne, Me., on Aug. 5th, of consumption, after a sickness of about three months. Miss Wing was a semi-mute and a graduate of our High Class. She possessed superior mental ability, and displayed some poetic talent. She was for three years a faithful and successful teacher in the Asylum. About two years ago she united with the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in this city. Her age was twenty-two years.

The following is taken from the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*: "A singular revival has lately been in progress among the deaf and dumb in Brussels. An English lady some time ago presented a copy of the Bible to a deaf and dumb artist. The recipient, a staunch Papist, examined it carefully, comparing its teachings with the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and the result was his conversion. He immediately began to preach the gospel to his afflicted brethren, and in spite of strenuous opposition at first, won numbers of them to the truth. In Holland, also, there is a deaf and dumb evangelist, a powerful preacher, who preaches Christ in France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, etc., by sign language."

To the Readers of "The Deaf-Mutes' Journal."

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Please do all in your power to increase the circulation of the paper in which you have become so much interested. With its present circulation of about 600 copies, it does not pay expenses. The Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Henry C. Rider, is, however, so confident of ultimate success that he has paid several hundred dollars out of his own pocket towards its support. If the circulation of the JOURNAL could be increased to 1,000 copies, the expenses of printing and mailing it would be met, and there would probably be a small sum to compensate Mr. Rider for his labor. I have frequently been in Mexico since he became the proprietor of the JOURNAL and I can testify, from personal knowledge, to his self-denying and self-sacrificing efforts to make it a source of pleasure and profit to its readers. Now is the time for all who appreciate his useful work, to arouse and give him and his newspaper a helping hand. I ask you, my friends, to show this copy of the JOURNAL to all your friends, those who can hear and speak as well as those who are deaf-mutes, and call their special attention to this letter of mine. If you will all do this, you will, in a short time, give the JOURNAL its needed circulation of 1,000 copies.

I trust that all deaf-mutes who are now on the free list will seriously ask themselves the question "Am I not able to pay \$1.50 a year for the JOURNAL?" If so, please send on the money at once, so that those who are really unable to subscribe may be put in your places. If the Legislature of New York will continue to make reasonable appropriations towards the support of the JOURNAL, as one means of continuing the education of deaf-mute wards after they graduate at the various Institutions in this State, and if all deaf-mutes will show a positive interest in increasing the list of paying subscribers, this newspaper will, before long, be placed on a secure basis and its enterprising proprietor be relieved of pecuniary anxiety. Trusting you will all do what you can, I am your sincere friend,

THOMAS GALLAUDET.
Mexico, N. Y., Aug. 24th, 1876.

The Principals of the Michigan Institution.

According to the Flint (Mich.) *Globe*, the Trustees of the Michigan Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, in that city, having accepted the resignation of Prof. E. L. Bangs, as Principal of the Institution, to take effect the first of September next, have been industriously at work during the vacation endeavoring to find a suitable man for his successor. They have had personal interviews with several gentlemen in the profession, and have corresponded with numerous others more or less distinguished in deaf-mute work. As yet they have failed to find the man they deemed to be possessed of all the necessary qualifications for the position. They are still in correspondence with several gentlemen, however, and expect to conclude an arrangement at an early date. In the mean time they have elected Mr. J. Willis Parker, a teacher in the Institution, Principal *Ad Interim*, who will open the school at the beginning of the next term, and perform the functions of Principal till a successor to Prof. Bangs shall have been secured.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL REUNION OF MEXICO ACADEMY.

The addresses which we publish in full to-day of Hon. A. G. Hull, D. W. C. Peck, Esq., Mrs. A. P. Marshall, and Rev. T. A. Weed, so crowd our space that we are compelled to postpone the publication of many matters connected with the Reunion until next week. We shall then give in full the "County Reminiscences," by B. B. Burt, Esq., and our "general observations" after the celebration.

ADDRESS BY MRS. A. P. MARSHALL.

As usual, a woman is called to help, when other helpers fail. I respond the more readily, that no one has spoken, or is likely to speak of the women of Mexico Academy. Shall the lawyers, doctors, merchants, priests, etc., of the Academy be remembered and never a woman omitted? No modest person can adequately speak of her own class, except under a sense of injustice. There have been many noble women as teachers and pupils here. But their record would not thrill you like those we have heard, and how could they live to hear their modest worth sounded here?

You would yawn and my heroines would shudder if I were to tell you of all the women of my decade. It would read thus: Mary B. married, has raised a large family of children, and kept them respectable by putting new heels and toes to old socks, and making over the father's pantaloons, has marched them to Sunday School regularly, and owing to the influence of Mexico Academy has never uttered a profane word.

Julia K. married, has supported her husband and children well, kept the hearth of the house in cigars, and never failed in the smile for friends, and has read several good books.

Kate M., whom we all remember as a sort of human jolly, has spent twenty years cooking for her master, and never had a heartier word of praise than "Poor stuff for me," over the dish he had emptied.

When riches fall to the share of families, shall no mention be made of the woman who manages her household wisely, dispenses her charities with love, and broadens by her influence her whole world?

Mexico Academy has one woman physician, you all know her. She has sent out many ministers, not in order. I know no lawyers; but women elsewhere are letting in new lights. In law what may not come from the firmness of those spinsters whose cows have several times been sold for taxes?

In theology who shall estimate the influence of that clear-headed woman, whose pious pastor (for her confusion) asked her, "Does not the devil sometimes tempt you by telling you that after all you may be no Christian?" "That he do," she replied. "What answer do you make to that? I say, whether I be or no it can't be possible be none of his business."

It has been written and generally accepted to that what is given to a Literary Reunion shall be in the form of an oration, with well rounded and swelling sentences, or it must rhyme. Now rhyming is not so difficult a matter when the thoughts and experiences are few and the rhymes many. But reverse the order, and the whittling and arrangement necessary for one not a foreordained and elected poet is appalling. Here is something of what would have been in the poem I would have written had I been a genius born, or had fewer stockings to darn: I would have alluded lightly and gracefully to that early time of dawnings hopes and prospects when we had just entered into possession of our inheritance as "Heirs of all the Ages," and nothing seemed impossible or improbable in the way of desirable achievement. When after the manner of youth and worth in Grimm's fairy tales, we walked without suspicion or dread into the Forest of Life to meet the fairy, who for good words and trust, would open the way to love, fame and wealth. I would have mentioned with expressions of gratitude that in Mexico Academy we got glimpses of the best good of life, and a love of pure literature which has helped us mightily to the vantage ground we now hold in the conflict of life.

I would have mentioned with deep tenderness that sweet and large-hearted teacher of my own time, Frank Bennett, who filled the hearts of her pupils with a true love of the lovely, and hate of the hateful; and since she is numbered with the Heavenly Host, has been to me conspicuous in the "cloud of witnesses" who watch with interest and sympathy my "journey through."

I would have said something of the dear living teachers, but who am I that I should dare to run counter to my race? Was it not decreed in the days of the patriarchs that the living should not

be praised? Only when the praise of the master has made the faithful forget that they ever hungered for human praise, may we make our poor offerings. But the most of my poem would have been of to-day, for us in middle life, who know now just what the Fairy's designs are to us, and who are seeing our best days and are already beginning to reap as we have sown.

The lessons of youth have been put to the test. Is it true that "early to bed and early to rise make a man healthy, wealthy and wise?" Are there "many men of many minds,"—or any minds at all? Is "honesty the best policy?" We must have proven many things. What we hold fast—is it true? We "mailed new knights on that endless crusade against hypocrisy and the devil." Where are we? We set out from the Academy, with a satchel full of wisdom, put up and labelled like allopathetic medicine case. How much has been of good use to us? Let us be truthful. No one by searching has found out God. We have ceased knocking on the door of the "work shop of deities," convinced finally that the Master means what is written on the door, *No admittance.*

Our philosophy of life is much simplified. We haven't repeated Excelsior for years, and we do not pray to our flocks of boys, "Aspire, you may every one of you be president of the United States, or Grand Mogul of some country, some day." We repeat, "Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws, makes that and the action fine," and we teach the boys that the plodders shall inherit the earth, and the kingdom of heaven. We demand only of our preacher that he, in all simplicity and love, help us on a little, and do not desire that all the wisdom of all times, nor the pretence of it be found in any one. The marriage ceremony does not mean exactly the same as "enter thou into the joy of the Lord," and we demand of our novelists to take his heroes through.

We care more to know how they conducted family worship, so as to banish cant and "vain repetitions," and so that the sweet strength of communion with the Unseen was kept up through the day. How they trained the children and kept patient, and how small red ants were exterminated.

Now, because the fire of youth which kindles and crackles, being made of kindling wood, is not ours, we are not cold. The kindling wood ignites the coal, which burns still and deep, way into the night, and you may warm yourself well thereby. The loves and friendships which have survived the kindling-wood period, are immortal, and if now we have a hold on eternal life, it is sure. But some of us have been well-nigh shipwrecked. Despair has clutched us, and only the grace given us from above, from the Power outside of ourselves, which makes for righteousness, has kept us and brought us through night to light.

There was once a man who had brains enough, but not too much; had heart enough, but not enough to shackle his brains, and he had the true art of living. Penetrating, delightful essays, he made a universal scratcher for the comfort of his cattle. When outside glories waned, he looked, well pleased, at the bright yellow leaves on the wall paper, which he had himself hung, for cheer, and he "fortified his life with friendships," and he left such a sweet, cheerful memory that a gifted woman has said that to take a walk with Sidney Smith in Heaven was a great incentive to try to get there.

And there was another man, not so well known, only Whittier tells us of him:

Conductor Bradley, (always my life name)
Be said with reverence, when the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,
Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him, women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck, beyond all hopes and fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo, the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thoughts save duties, moved again,
"Put out the signal for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began,
From lip of saint or martyr ever ran
Electric thro' the sympathies of man.

Alas me how poor and needless seem to this,
Our sick-bed drames of self-righteousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor not in vain,
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain,
Frightful with life the downward pushing train.

Following the wrecked one as waves follow
A wave,
Obeyed the signal which the dead lips gave.
"Others he saved, himself he could not save."

Nay, the lost life was saved, he is not dead,
Who in his record left the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed, the noble dead beside;
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

REV. T. A. WEED'S DECADE SPEECH—1846-1856.

It is meet to recall and rehearse in the hearing of the present generation the history and the achievements of this time-honored institution. It is well for the sons and daughters of the founders of this place of learning, and who have been the recipients of its advantages, to know something of the struggles and self-denials of those who have gone before them and the high motives, which made them willing and cheerful thus to toil that others might enjoy, and sow that others might reap. You have learned of the self-sacrifice of the early settlers of this region. Their deep and active interest in education, and how the church and the school-house received their earliest attention. The early settlers were enlightened. In New England, their native country, they had reaped the advantage of schools and understood their value, and they exhibited a laudable

spirit in establishing them as early as possible. While your fathers were breaking down these forests, throwing up these highways, and opening these fields to the sun, common school education would fit their sons for the age and prepare them to compete with those around them; but as soon as communication with the outside world opened up to them, they saw that a higher grade of culture was needed in order to compete successfully with the world, and hence the self-sacrificing struggle to build the original academy. In the autumn of 1847 I was called to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church of this place. I found the edifice of that church in a dilapidated condition. Years had told on its outward and inward appearance. The Methodist church was better, but inadequate to properly accommodate its growing numbers.

The academy building was falling into decay, and was too contracted to accommodate the increasing population about it. It could not compete with the commodious and well-furnished academies of adjoining counties. The thinking men of the community felt that a crisis was upon us; that as these churches had met the crisis upon them and the community upon their educational institution, so the prosperity or adversity of the place depended. In the autumn of 1850 the M. E. church was destroyed by fire. That settled the question for our Methodist brethren. In less than one year they erected their present commodious and beautiful structure. That enterprise, no doubt has been in itself a source of prosperity, so that what at first seemed a calamity was a blessing in disguise. In the fall of 1850 the Presbyterian society resolved that they would repair their church edifice, and at an expense of some \$3,000 they reconstructed their edifice and made it more modern, comfortable and inviting. The modernizing of these church edifices increased the attendance on the sanctuaries, and gave a new and hopeful impulse to the whole community. But there was still our academy unimproved, unmodernized, just as the fathers in their poverty made it, only tottering and mouldering by the hand of time. To rebuild and furnish such an edifice so that it could compete with educational institutions about us, would cost a large sum and require a strained effort on a community in which there could be said to be but very few, if any rich men. Then commenced a struggle of years. Addresses were delivered to the people, discussions were held. The subject was not allowed by the friends of the academy to be dropped or thrust aside. Objections were met and refuted, the interests of such an edifice with its furnishings were spread out in every possible light. I remember now, after the lapse of over twenty years, some of the arguments used for this great enterprise—great then to this community.

The question was asked, Why we needed such a well-appointed school in this place when there were those near us in neighboring counties so well prepared to give our children the education they needed? It was answered that "If we did not have in this region such a school, not one in ten of our children would receive the education they ought to have. The mass of parents about us would not feel able to send their children abroad," and if they could not get their education near home they could not get it at all. The rich were able to send their children to any school they chose, but the children of the poor must suffer all the insignificance of ignorance if education is not at their threshold; and thus there would be a loss of effective talent to the parent, the community and the State. It was contended that a school of this kind was eminently for the poor and not for the rich, and that, in the language of Sidney Smith, "The education of the poor sifts the talents of a country and discovers the choicest gifts of nature in the depths of solitude and in the darkness of poverty. For Providence often sets the grandest spirit in the lowest places and gives to many a soul far better than his birth compelling him to dig with a spade who had better have wielded a sceptre. Thus education searches everywhere for talents, sifting among the gravel for the gold, holding up every pebble to the light, and seeing whether it be the refuse of Nature, or whether the hand of Art can give it brilliancy and price"; we were referred to the fact that that time-honored academy, now hastening to its setting, smitten by the hand of time, hampered as it ever had been for means and furnishings, still had dug out and developed minds in the poorest families of this region and sent them forth an honor to their friends and the community that had fostered them. Within its humble walls their Headleys, Kelloggs, Kendalls, Frenchs, Whiteyses, Beachs and others, all around us and in far-off lands, leading minds were first warmed into intellectual life and sent forth for wide influence on the world.

It was contended that it was indispensable to the highest interests, social and temporal, of any community that a strong educational feeling as a life, a passion, a stirring impulse pervade the whole people, that mental culture should be a family ambition, a neighborhood pride, a universal emotion.

"That it must become a habit, a prerequisite element in the social organization, and that an academy well furnished and manned could greatly assist in the production of this state of things. And if the spirit of education linger at all among the people, such a school, with its continued, omnipresent influence, could evolve, fan, instruct it. If it should be wanting it could create it."

The people saw their duty and seized the opportunity. It was resolved to "arise and build."

Material to some extent was procured in the summer of 1854, contracts were made in the winter and spring of 1855 and on December 18, 1855 the people gathered to dedicate it with joy and pride. Thus two years of struggle had passed away, and their most sanguine hopes had been more than realized: they

had achieved that which would reflect honor on the record of the town's history. They showed that they understood their position and they nobly met the issue, seized the opportunity, grappled with the difficulties, and on that day reposed in their victory.

They had erected by voluntary contributions one of the largest and most commodious academical structures in a State boasting of her literary institutions. All except one thousand dollars which was laid as a tax on the town, was generously contributed by the citizens of this town. All classes participated; but few, very few, refused aid or turned with indifference from the enterprise. The man of competency and the poor man, the merchant and the farmer, the professional man and the mechanic, made their offering and stood side by side watching with swelling pride that temple rise to its top stone. On the part of some there was an enthusiasm and self-denial worthy of all praise. The spirit manifested by them reflected honor on human nature. Many contributed largely of their means. One of these, a farmer, when asked why he had thus done, replied that this was his home, that he had children to educate, and he could not see such a building erected, such a public improvement made and feel that he had permitted his neighbors to incur all the expense while he stood indifferently ready to pocket its benefits and enjoy its privileges.

Let me say to you who have moved into this village during the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the dedication of this pride of your village, and who have reaped its benefits, that such was the spirit of those who lifted these stories one upon another and piled those bricks into a monument of their liberality, foresight and enterprise. It is proper that I should mention the fact that some in neighboring towns felt that such an institution would bless not only those in its immediate vicinity, but them also, and came forward with aid and sympathy. The trustees of this institution, in those trying years, are deserving of all praise for the energy, and self-denial manifested in that enterprise, and especially that portion of them upon whom fell the principal burden and care of obtaining and expending the contributions of their fellow citizens, and we here mention their names with honor, B. E. Bowen, B. S. Stone, James S. Chandler and Leonard Ames. Their office was anything but an agreeable one. They had to assume great responsibilities, to encounter numerous difficulties, and to be subjected to all sorts of criticisms. The building was too large or too small, too high or too low, too wide or too narrow, too near or too far from the street. And all this of course from men of taste and connoisseurs of architecture. And yet amid all these profound sayings and yet profound criticisms, they gave not only of their means but their time and best thoughts to the enterprise.

And we are happy to record in these after years that in the opinion of nineteen-twentieths of the patrons of the institution that never was a public trust more faithfully performed.

I should not close this account of the construction of the second temple and the history of my decade without referring to the able instructors of that now far-off period.

Abner Davison, now a prominent and influential citizen of Davenport Iowa, was the principal from 1847 to 1851. He was distinguished as a disciplinarian and a thorough instructor.

William H. Gillespie, now an esteemed citizen of Oswego, served as principal from 1851 to 1855. He was a good teacher and greatly beloved by his pupils.

Prof. John R. French, now a distinguished professor in Syracuse University and with a State reputation as an educator, assumed the same position in 1855. His aptness in imparting instruction, now widely acknowledged, was manifest in his administration here, as many of his pupils now present can gratefully testify. His rising honors and enviable position in the ranks of educators is no surprise to those who knew him as a pupil and principal of this Institution. The patrons of this school owe Prof. French a debt of gratitude especially for his co-operation and counsel in the erection of the present academy building. He was essentially its architect and rendered valuable assistance from its foundation to its top stone.

And now, Mr. President, citizens of Mexico, and alumni of this loved seat of learning, let me congratulate you upon this day and this scene. You do well to gather here to talk over past toils and victories, to look into each other's faces, renew old acquaintances and encourage each other in the remaining conflicts of life. It gives me unfeigned pleasure to-day, when I look down into your thoughtful, brightened faces, and know that for a score of years I labored in a humble way to make this institution an intellectual and moral success. To-day, when I see the intelligent, useful men and women about me gathered from these cultured households and the country around, who were spurred to new activities in the fields of intellectual range, I am amply rewarded for whatever service I may have rendered.

Though my home may be far from you, yet I shall ever feel deep and abiding interest in the highest welfare of this institution and all that concerns the spirit of education linger at all among the people, such a school, with its continued, omnipresent influence, could evolve, fan, instruct it. If it should be wanting it could create it."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

Mr. William G. Jones, A. B., who is well known among deaf-mutes, has been offered and has accepted a position in the New York Institution. He will enter upon his duties next September, much to the delight of his former associates. Mr. Jones, who graduated from the Washington College last June, with the above degree, justifies his title with such a position as teacher, and all we hope is that he will supply the wants of his pupils.

Mr. Sidney H. Howard, who is known to many as being the private secretary of Dr. I. L. Peet during his years at the New York Institution, has also been, it is hinted, invited to become an instructor in that Institution.

Mr. Francis D. Clarke, a professor fully versed in mathematics, and formerly of the New York Institution, has been called back, after several years of absence. He will enter upon his duties as teacher of the New York Institution next September.

The Manhattan Literary Association opens its doors on the 7th of September, after a long vacation, with the following officers: S. W. McClelland, President; P. McGuire, 1st Vice President; P. Fanning, 2d Vice President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; J. S. Wells, Treasurer. News matters are being looked for, and when anything of importance occurs, it will undoubtedly go to the readers of the JOURNAL.

At a regular meeting of the Sunnyside Social Club, of Brooklyn, it was resolved that the club give its third annual invitation party on the 11th of October. The invitation parties given by the club are in honor of the birthday anniversary of the club, and the usual date is the 7th of October, but owing to the day of the week it comes on this year, it has been changed to the 11th, when, it is hoped that the members and their friends will enjoy the celebration to their full bent. But it is pretty certain that there will not be as many invitations as there has been in the past.

The many young friends of Miss Frances Stulver will be glad to hear that she has gone to the residence of Miss Frederica Doenges in the country to spend a few weeks in recuperation. Miss Stulver and Miss Doenges are old classmates and we hope they will enjoy the time very pleasantly.

Miss Katie C. Shute, a young lady of Brooklyn, has gone to Ulster county, to recuperate and we hope to see her looking very healthy next fall when she returns to school.

Prof. Westervelt, who has been made Principal of the Rochester Institution, makes a vacancy in the New York Institution; as also does Mr. Nelson, who goes to the Rome Institution, and Mr. Clarke succeeds Prof. Pettigill, late Professor of the High Class. But these who go, come with a heavy loss and those who come, come in as "sticks" owing to the taste of the State. This will be a great loss to the Hudson Base Ball Club, as Mr. Nelson has been a very active member and also the captain of the club. AGRIPPA.

What Nathaniel Bumpo Has to Say About Pensioning Deaf-Mute Teachers—A Reply to "Lytton Bulwer."

If, as I see it stated, the object aimed at in proposing to pension the teachers of the deaf and dumb, is to increase their efficiency, to encourage them, to retain the services of the best, and at the same time to draw into the profession only the most talented; then, it shows how the advocates of such a step misapprehend the situation, for such a measure would have just the opposite effect.

Moreover, there exists in the minds of all our more cultivated teachers, a prejudice against being pensioned, which apparently our adversary cannot comprehend, and if his measure should be carried out it would drive from the profession, the very ones it was intended to retain in it. The position of a teacher would degenerate into that of a mere time-server, and only those of an inferior type would remain. Many accomplished and efficient young men, who otherwise would take pleasure in devoting their time and talents to their fellow unfortunates, in consequence of the low wages, would be prevented from entering the profession. On the other hand were the salaries of the teachers raised it would produce all the good effects claimed for the opposite measure. It is an universally acknowledged truth in colleges and other institutions of learning that, "the better the pay, the better the teachers," and this principle is demonstrated in all our best colleges, and the result is that nearly all the best talent in the country is found to be vested in the professorships of the colleges or in the older and more wealthy educational institutions. Any one need but to examine the catalogues of our older colleges to prove for himself this fact. This applies to institutions for the deaf and dumb as well as any others.

It is also plain that while not more than one teacher in a hundred would survive, or remain in the same place long enough to be entitled to a pension, every good teacher would be benefited by a liberal salary.

It has been shown that on an average, deaf-mutes do not remain more than five years in our Institutions. Then is it not indispensible that the teachers must be both efficient and energetic to accomplish much in so short a period and to pension them, as "Lytton Bulwer" advocates, would be the surest way to prevent that result were their salaries allowed to remain the same.

Lytton Bulwer, presuming that I am a personal acquaintance, assumes toward me a tone of mandarin familiarity, disgusting in the extreme and which only arouses our contempt. His egotism would be sublime were it not so ridiculous. In endeavoring to criticize me and

debase my title, he succeeded admirably in advertising his own ignorance and obtuseness and the vulgarity of his tastes. Who, for example, but a dunce, would commit such a blunder as to suppose that in saying, "he cannot be a teacher" I meant that he wanted to be one? To make it simple enough for his comprehension I will simplify it into this—"he is not a teacher," which is the same in meaning.

I never imagined that he could have the impudence to say he thought himself qualified for a teacher's position. As it is, it appears from some expressions he uses that such a position is to him the same as sour grapes were to the fox.

Were he better acquainted with Cooper and other novelists of high style and character and less with Pat. Rooney and others of the low Hibernian type, he would not have committed such a blunder in regard to my name, and I would suggest that if he intends to "rush into the literary world," he had better patronize a higher class of literature than dime novels, with which, judging from his style, he is most familiar, or he will rush out of the literary world with a much quicker pace than he rushed in.

In fact, the tone of the closing part of his article is that of a blustering bully and nothing more.

NATHANIEL BUMPO.

Aug. 21st, 1876.

The Home Building Fund.

A few days before the 15th inst., the writer happened to alight from one of the up-town street cars near the huge depot at 42d street, N. Y., and before his feet had gained the sidewalk, his eyes rested upon a crowd of persons who had assembled just on the opposite side of the walk opposite the main entrance of the depot. Desiring to know what the matter was, your correspondent stepped into the crowd and saw two persons standing before a small circular which was placed on a piece of card, with the striking heading, "Help the Deaf and Dumb."

The writer became interested at once and advanced a little further in order to read the circular. The two men were talking with the double-hand alphabet, but their countenances were not known to the writer. After reading the circular I was somewhat embarrassed and wished to know whether the men were deaf-mutes or not, and whence they had journeyed from. Subsequently the writer made another "inspection of the mysterious circular," and at this time he gained way so as to be near enough to copy the circular without being noticed by the persons, and here it is—it will explain itself:

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, August 1st, 1876.

DEAR PUPIL:—You doubtless remember that before the close of school in June, I told you that I would send you a letter to show to your friends, so they would understand you had been properly authorized to collect subscriptions for the Home Building Fund of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. I now redeem my promise. I wish you and each of your fellow pupils to whom this circular may come, to go to all your friends and acquaintances and obtain cash subscriptions to the amount of ten dollars, and send the same to me as trustee, by registered letter.

The Home is under the management, as you know, of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and I am one of the twenty-five gentlemen comprising the Board of Trustees.

We propose erecting buildings which will keep out of the poor-houses all indigent deaf-mutes in the United States, who are too old or too feeble to work and live here. Here he or she will be surrounded by comfort and consolation and society, and when the building has been erected we expect the educated and able deaf-mutes of the country to support it. Show this to your friends and ask them to help you.

Very truly yours,
ISAAC L. PEET, Principal.
On the other side was the following:

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

for the Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, collected by ——— (Here the name of the original person was scraped off), and also the date, subscriber's name, dollar and cent being put in regular running order.

The circular was printed at the New York Institution, and from various sources, the writer has learned that the circular was addressed to a pupil belonging to the Institution, living in the city, and as the pupil was not above ordinary intellectual abilities, and his parents being of another class and unable to understand English, it went into the possession of these persons and they took the original name out and placarded an anonymous name in place of the other so as to avoid discovery.

It was plainly seen that they had succeeded in collecting the fair sum of \$13.87. When the persons were asked by the writer, who used the double-hand alphabet, one facetiously gave his name as George Wilson, and said that he was authorized to collect subscriptions by Dr. Gallaudet, at the same time showing a piece of card with the Doctor's name, but as the writer is quite well acquainted with Dr. Gallaudet's handwriting, he said to himself that the writing was a forgery, but he did not make any attempt to interfere with the impostors, or let them know he was deaf and dumb. The only thing he did, was that he left them alone, to collect more money from the passengers of each train as they left the depot.

Of course this is an ill practice and it is evident that the responsibility rests upon Dr. I. L. Peet for issuing such circulars and distributing them among his pupils, who he knows to be incapable of being trusted and whom he knows to be totally ignorant of the usage of such worthy circulars as the one shown by these impostors. This will long be re-

membered by the warm supporters of the Home, and it will undoubtedly do a good deal of harm toward the managers. But it would be far better for the Trustees to select agents themselves, and those who are able men and understand the situation, and avoid all such "brain-smashers" as Dr. Peet selects; and also avoid all impostors, and unless this done, the trust of the speaking community will be lost to the enterprise. Let us see if the Trustees are judicious enough to charge such a policy.

AGRIPPA.

One for Equality.

There has been a great deal said of late concerning the comparative compensations of deaf-mute and hearing teachers; so I have resolved to give my opinion on the subject. Education is very essential, and be the possessor, a semi-mute, deaf-mute or a hearing person, should, in my opinion, be paid according to his or her ability. A deaf-mute or semi-mute is naturally placed in a very peculiar position. A hearing person can obtain employment in almost any capacity for which his qualifications fit him, while a semi-mute or deaf-mute, although equally competent, is passed by unnoticed, and I think no person employing one of this unfortunate class should take advantage of his infirmity, to crush him down and place him on an equal footing with those who are intellectually his inferiors. When buying a book, we do not count the number of fly-leaves, but turn to the substantial part to form our estimate of its value. It is just as instructive if we have but one blank page to write our name upon as four. If semi-mutes or deaf-mutes are capable of instructing as well as hearing persons, why make the unjust discrimination above referred to? The fact is, hearing persons resent all impositions, while deaf-mutes suffer in silence. It is an old school saying that the weakest takes the wall, and as long as this state of things continues deaf-mute teachers will continue to grumble at oppression. Speak out, gentlemen. Don't pour out your grievances to sympathizing friends, but make them known where they can be remedied. That absurd reasoning brought forward by "Lytton Bulwer," to pension teachers, is nothing but a ridiculous idea emanating from the brain of some insane scribbler, who has nothing else to do but expound his misguided philosophy to those who do not wish to be troubled with it.

"Natty Bumpo" has well remarked, that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." He is right—prevent the poverty and it won't be necessary to relieve it. I sincerely hope this article will receive the attention which the importance of the subject demands, and that it may have the good effect which the writer intends, of stimulating the energies of the now disconsolate teachers, and raising them from the dull apathy into which they have fallen, to look forward with hope to a brighter future, when reason shall triumph over prejudice and intellect get her deserts.

ACTION.

New York, August 21st, 1876.

The Deadly Weapon.

FATAL ACCIDENT—SAD CASE.

Editor Journal:—I have a sad accident to relate to the numerous readers of your valuable paper. I refer to the death of Edward Kraut, of this town, by accidental shooting which occurred on the 4th of this month, in the evening of which day our picnic was held at Neftstown, York Co., Pa. The deceased, about eighteen years of age, who was cousin to George Kohler, was enjoying himself on a short gunning expedition. Without consent and while he had been forbidden to do, he took his father's gun, and, assisted by another boy, the deceased loaded and cocked it. It is said that both had hold of the gun and while manipulating it forward and backward, and while the muzzle was over the breast of young Kraut, it was suddenly discharged, the contents entering through his heart. Farther particulars could not be learned. Disobedience evidently was the cause of Edward Kraut's death, as he had been especially told not to touch the gun.

The above facts in the case were reported to Dr. O. C. Prickley, the coroner, Saturday afternoon, the 5th inst., whereupon he went to New Salem, and a jury was summoned to inquire into the cause of the death of the deceased. The testimony before the coroner's jury developed the following facts: That Edward Kraut, accompanied by two other boys, Henry Shaffer and Milton A. Nes, left their homes in New Salem on a short gunning tour and to visit our picnic at Neftstown. Having enjoyed themselves pleasantly gunning, they left the latter place for their homes. Edward Kraut shouldered his gun, but not upwards. As they were about entering the village of New Salem, he asked Shaffer to hold his gun, and he would climb a tree and get some apples, at the same moment swinging his gun from his shoulder in a careless manner, striking the butt end against the ground. The gun was discharged in some way by the movement, or by its concussion by coming in contact with the ground. He was shot in the left breast about two inches below the nipple. The gun fell to the ground, Kraut placed his hands over his heart, and just as he reached the side of his companion, with a groan fell and immediately expired. His body was carried to his home, and the parents were dreadfully shocked at his sudden and terrible death.

Upon the evidence elicited at the coroner's inquest, the jury, composed of Dr. P. K. Yost, P. Rudisill, Henry H. Doll, J. M. Graybill, E. Harbold, and Henry Hostler, rendered the following verdict: That Edward Kraut was found dead, that he had marks of violence on his body and that his death oc-

curred on the 4th of August, 1876, by accidental shooting in the left breast from which he then and there died almost instantly, that the discharge of his gun was produced by suddenly bringing it from his shoulder to the ground while cocked and that the accidental shot was made by the stock or breach striking the ground forcibly.

The funeral took place on the 6th inst., from the residence of his parents, and the deceased was interred in Prospect Hill Cemetery, at York, Pa.

Edward Kraut's death was a terrible calamity. May the sad lesson be a warning against the careless use of fire arms and may none follow his act of disobedience to parental commands and counsels.

G. K.

An Excursion Up the Hudson.

WHAT OUR CORRESPONDENT HAS TO SAY.

The writer, accompanied by a "host of friends," one Sunday, made a trip up the Hudson river on the magnificent steamer, "Long Branch." What is more agreeable to the baked, fried, begrimed, dust-covered and panting citizen than a transfer from stone walks and brick walls to the fresh air blowing down the river, enriched with the oxygen of miles on miles of wood and meadow. What more fascinating to the artist's eye than the lofty Palisades, the bold Highlands, the rolling hills, the smiling valleys, the lazy crafts, and the ever-varying surface of the river itself. What more interesting to the student of history or to the soldier than the banks on which so many stirring dramas were enacted in our country's struggle for independence? An excursion up the Hudson river on the "Long Branch," is one of the most enjoyable of the Sunday trips. Her freight consists mainly of families, whose only chance of getting out of the awful city is on Sunday.

The elegant steamer left Fulton St. at 8 o'clock and pursued her course at a fair speed to Newburgh, stopping but a moment at Yonkers and Cozen's Landing.

What a relief it is to see the piles of brick and stone, the crowded piers, and the shipping fade away in the distance, and handsome villas with wide lawns and ornamental shrubbery replace them; they in turn to be succeeded by woods and pastures, refreshing to the eye. Upon the left, after passing the Elysian—delightful sarcasm—and glancing at the domed monastery and signal tower, the heights are seen up which the British toiled a century ago, dragging their six-pounders after them by ropes and planting them in little earthworks at the top. Just opposite Sixtieth street, on the Hoboken shore, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton fought the duel which resulted in the latter's death.

Now a train comes thundering along on the Hudson river railroad, and shrieks a salute to the boat which answers with a whistle. Here and there are little groups standing in exposed portions of the lawns, waving handkerchiefs at the boat, as if it were some huge monster to be scared away as one would whisk off a fly or a mosquito.

Yonkers, Sunnyside and Sleepy Hollow, with suggestions of Washington Irving and the legends of the river, he has so charmingly set forth. The Palisades with toy houses on their very brink, five hundred feet above the water, villas in the form of old castles, the repose of Gothic outline strengthened by broad wings of leafy shadow brooding over them; villages, and sites of old fortifications. Tarrytown, memorable as the scene of Andre's capture; the beautiful Highlands rising step by step, hill by hill, as the "Long Branch," glides on; the chemical works—where I—the blast of sulphuric acid furnaces, that sets every one to coughing, and some of the excursionists using language as strong as the acid. Little shaded creeks, and babbling brooks; ruined mills that suggest old castles and the Rhine—by the way, how many ruined mills there are. It would almost seem as if every manufacturing building near the water is sure to be burnt out in a short time, and their rebuilding never again attempted. Deserted houses once occupied by mill operatives, but vacated as soon as they were "out of a job." Iona Island, Buttermilk Falls, dried away to a tinkling rivulet. West Point, with its reminiscences of Arnold's treachery, old Fort Putnam on the height behind it. Constitution Island, the first fortification at the point of the river. Now, here is Newburgh, behind Pallopel's Island, in a fertile country, spreading wider and wider as the boat emerges from Wind Gate, the Shawangunk mountains blue in the distance. These are but a few points in the panorama that seem to glide by the writer as he sits at ease upon the upper deck.

West Point is certainly the most beautiful spot on the Hudson, and aside from its natural beauties is full of interest, as it is the location of the United States Military Academy and its numerous adjuncts. Here are the old revolutionary forts, Clinton and Putnam, and remnants of other small redoubts, big and little guns, relics and trophies from all American wars. The calets are in camp, and here and there the young braves gather together and discuss something, (but can any one believe it is the Indian war?) and express their anxiety to get to the front! Attached to the face of the great rock, near the landing, is the end of the great chain which was stretched across the river to bar the English vessels from ascending the river.

Brooklyn was reached about 8 o'clock, and the tourist can hardly feel otherwise than that he has spent an enjoyable day, but we cannot give every particular point of the trip up the Hudson, as his pen must hasten to a close.

AGRIPPA.

—Don't forget, reader, that you can help to make the county fair a success.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 28, 1876.

Another of the Centennial celebrations, which come along in rapid succession here, occurred on Tuesday. This time it was the Knights of Pythias—the youngest of our beneficent secret organizations, founded upon the principle of true brotherly love as exemplified in the story of Damon and Pythias. The parade on Tuesday was almost as brilliant and imposing as the Knight Templar and military demonstrations that have preceded it. Fully 10,000 Knights were reported in line. Of course the Exposition has benefited by their presence in the city by a largely increased attendance, as all the visiting knights, many of whom were accompanied by ladies, availed themselves of a few day's stay to see the World's Fair. The stream of regular visitors is now larger than at any time heretofore, and one meets more sight-seers wandering about Independence Hall, Fairmount Park, the Zoological Garden, the Mint and other places of interest—the Penitentiary not excepted. This week Thursday witnessed the attendance of the largest delegation of foreigners so far during the season. There were several thousand of them, and they came from New Jersey. The boating regatta has also been a feature of the week, furnishing entertainment for those who enjoy the sport.

One of the most curious of the recent arrivals in the Agricultural Building was received and placed in position by the Oregon department, last week. It is a chart about 22 feet long, and 2½ feet wide, presenting in unbroken lines the complete history of man, including the record of every nation from the Garden of Eden to the present. Upon the scale adopted, the nations, empires, kingdoms, republics and States; the manners, customs and dress; the progress, civilization and discoveries; the invention of steam, electricity, mechanics; the introduction of letters, the progress of language, the spread of literature; the names, nationalities and distinguishing characteristics of eminent men; the names and dates of all important battles, discoveries and inventions; the rise and fall of ancient empires, dynasties and peoples; the names of all the sovereign emperors, kings, rulers of the earth and the duration of their authority; the area, population and number to the square mile to each country, with an epitome of ancient and modern history, together with a fac-simile of ancient coins, medals, stones, monuments, obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, Syria, Nineveh and Babylon; of implements of warfare and husbandry, alphabetical letters and hieroglyphics; of mythology—the gods, temples and priests; of geology—the stone age, the iron age, the brass or bronze; of navigation—the compass, the galleys and the clipper ship; of astronomy—the size, the distance and number of heavenly bodies are all given in their proper systematic relation to the world's history. As the atlas shows the place where, so the chart shows the time when, and the relative position of one event to another. In this work the author evidently does not assume to be responsible for the facts of history, but gives them simply as they are found on record in the several histories of the various nations of the earth. Every student of history has experienced the difficulty attending the effort to eliminate the salient facts of general history from the voluminous network of subordinate facts and details with which they seem inevitably entangled. Without something of this kind to assist in separating the important facts of history from the confused ideas and jumble of unconnected facts, can we hope to make accurate progress in understanding the full record of our race? This chart shows what is going on at the same time, the world over, in all the nations. One of the chief features of this work is what is termed synchronism, for here we find, without the loss of several hours at a general library, that the founding of Troy and Athens were contemporaneous with the Egyptian bondage and the founding of Thebes by Cadmus. These also occurred at the time of the first introduction of letters, with the Israelites in the wilderness, the building of the largest pyramid by Cheops, and the reign of Saul, the first King of the Jews, Horodotus, the Persian philosopher, and Hesiod, the Greek poet. We learn at a glance that when Solomon was writing his Proverbs, that Homer was writing his piece of ancient Troy; that Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, who made iron a legal tender, and had public tables to which all were invited, and abolished all theatres and luxuries, lived at the same time as Queen Dido, the founder of Carthage, and the Prophet Elijah; that when Isaiah was prophesying Romulus was founding Rome; that Pythagoras, who invented the forty-nine problems and the multiplication table, lived contemporaneously with Solon, who revised the bloody laws of Draco, and Zæop, who wrote those wise and witty fables, and Nebuchadnezzar, who took the Jews captive, and the Prophets Ezekiel and Daniel of sacred history; that Cicinnatus, the Roman patriot; that Pericles, the great Athenian statesman; Herodotus, the father of history; Xerxes, Socrates, and Ezra; Plato, Xenophon and Malchidai lived at the same periods of time. This chart is simply a most unexpected illustration of the benefits of object-teaching, and it had been in place less than half an hour when it was surrounded by visitors. It is the first thing of the kind ever attempted in this country or in Europe, and it is a rather curious fact that a resident of the distant State of Oregon should be the exhibitor.

The arrangements for the exhibitions of live stock, opening on September 1st, are such as to insure an excellent display in all departments. The entries of neat cattle number 650, and more are expected while the entries of sheep and swine amount to 1,000, with a constantly increasing list. The dog-show also promises to be very interesting, the list comprising considerably over 400. Unless, however, the American breeders and owners of horses speedily exert themselves, they will find their entries largely exceeded by those from foreign countries. Canada West has entered 76 horses, and the Eastern Province of Quebec and Nova Scotia have promised to make the Dominion exhibit reach 150 head. These animals have been selected by a committee appointed by the Dominion Government, and will be the best representative of their respective classes. The Canadians will hold a Dominion live-stock exhibition in Philadelphia, and permit a provincial as well as international competition. The Canadian government assumes all the cost of transportation and support; hence both the horses and neat cattle will be of their best. Entries of American horses may be made up to August 28th, and if Americans are unwilling to see the majority of awards for horses go to Canada they must hasten themselves.

Obituary.

Mrs. Nancy French, aged 86 years, died on Monday evening last at the residence of her son, Mr. G. C. French, of this village.

For many years, Mrs. French was a resident of this county. Her home was in Pulaski, and in that home were nurtured the children whose names have since become so well known in this vicinity. The latter years of her life were spent at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Mallory, of Brooklyn. Mrs. F. spent the summer months of each year in visiting her sons. She came to this village, a short time since, to make her annual visit, and to enjoy the pleasure of reunion of some of her children and grandchildren. This in part she realized, but a severe cold, she was speedily prostrated and breathed out her spirit to God in the evening twilight of Monday last.

Mrs. French was a woman of unusual excellence. Blending gentleness with force; combining patience with energy; having a wise foresight, and possessed of a deep religious spirit, she made her life both winning and useful.

Old age generally brings decay; to her it brought nothing but mellowing. To the end she retained her faculties, unchanged except in the greater sweetness that mellowing always brings, and so her dying was like the fall of the fruit that is fully ripe.

The funeral services of Mrs. F. will be conducted at the residence of her son, Mr. G. C. French, this Thursday, at 12 o'clock. Her burial will take place in the cemetery at Pulaski.

Death of George Ames.

Another old resident, who has been identified with the history of the city of Oswego formerly half a century, is gone. George Ames died last Saturday at Mesena Springs. We learn that he suffered a severe attack of paralysis of the stomach, liver and bladder on Tuesday last, from which he rallied in a measure so as to be able to sit up on Wednesday and Thursday. Friday night he was again prostrated upon what proved to be his death-bed. He fell into a deep sleep Saturday morning and gradually sank into the sleep which knows no waking.

George Ames was born in the town of Mexico, in this county, June 17th, 1806. He was the fifth in a family of thirteen—nine boys and four girls. His father, Leonard Ames, was a farmer and also worked a stone quarry. He staid upon his father's farm until twenty years of age, and there learned the stone cutter's trade. He then went to Canada to work at his trade and there remained about three years, when he returned to the town of Mexico, and bought a farm near the village. He worked the farm about two years, then sold it, and in 1831 or 1832, he came to Oswego and entered the employ of Theophilus Morgan. He superintended the building of a stone foundation where the Neal block now stands. The foundation was built up to a level with the bridge and remained in that state for many years previous to the building of the Neal block. He subsequently built a machine shop upon the site now occupied by the Reciprocity elevator. The machine shop burned down, and in connection with his brother Cheney, he built the Reciprocity elevator. Still later he built the Marine elevator in connection with Mollison and Hastings, and the malt house at the east end of the upper bridge in connection with Hon. Elias Root. Mr. Ames built the knitting factory which formerly occupied the site of the planing mill adjoining the malt house. After the knitting factory was burned, he built the planing mill. He was elected Alderman from the old second ward at one time, and served one term in the Common Council. About 1840, Mr. Ames married Emily Adams. His wife, together with three sons, Wardwell, Caswell and George, and one daughter, Mrs. H. C. Tanner, survive him. He leaves five brothers, Cheney and Leonard Ames, of Oswego; Harlow Ames, who lives in Minnesota; Henry Ames, in California; and Edwin Ames, of Mexico; and four sisters, Mrs. O. Whitney, Mrs. J. Bennett, and Mrs. W. W. Russell, of Mexico, and Mrs. A. A. Howlett, of Syracuse. The youngest of these nine brothers and sisters, now living, is 54 years of age, indicating a long lived family.

The deceased was a man of great energy, who pushed forward to success, overcoming whatever obstacles presented themselves and knowing no such word as fail in anything he undertook. He was upright in his business dealings, and was in all respects a worthy citizen whose death is a loss to the community.—Oswego Times, Aug. 28th, 1876.

—Rev. George P. Mains, of New Britain, Conn., preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday. The sermon was an able and eloquent one.

BRIEFS.

—Get ready for our County Fair.

—We received a pleasant call from E. C. Chapin, of Syracuse, last Tuesday.

—C. B. Chapman & Son have removed their goods to Phoenix where they have built a new store.

—The many friends of Rev. Henry Lamb had the pleasure of listening to him in the Methodist church last Sunday.

—John King started for Philadelphia last Friday, and E. T. Stone, of the firm of B. S. Stone & Co., started for the Centennial last Monday.

—The schools in Districts 8 and 9 commenced Monday last, with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes as teachers in No. 8, and Miss Clara Woodbury in No. 9.

—There are fires in many of the woods around us, and unless the camp meeting does its duty and brings us rain, we shall suffer some inconvenience if not damage.

—Misses Carrie L. Goit and Hattie E. Richardson started, last Tuesday, for Webster City, Iowa. We wish them a safe and pleasant journey and a good time.

—Mr. Hulbert, who preached in the Presbyterian church, the 20th inst., in now suffering from a severe attack of fever. We regret his illness and hope he will speedily recover.

—Miss Mary L. Trowbridge returned to Logansport, Ind., last Wednesday. Her return to the same school for the third year, is a fine tribute to her success as a teacher, of which she is every-way worthy.

—The Ontario Base Ball Club, of this place, played a game with the Mutuals, of Oswego, last Thursday, which resulted in a victory for the Ontarios, the score being, Ontarios, 6, Mutuals, 3. Time, 1 hour and 20 minutes.

—The house of Mr. Josiah Rulison, of New Haven, was burned last Monday while the family were away from home. The neighbors succeeded in saving most of the furniture. The origin of the fire is unknown. No insurance.

—As election time approaches, the average citizen finds himself the possessor of hosts of friends, all equally solicitous concerning his welfare and that of the country. It is a sad commentary upon human nature that "the cold, chilly winds of November," cool so many of these warm friendships, and one by one the friends drop off till all are gone—till next election.

—Last our office should taken for the headquarters of the Grangers, we will "rise to explain," that that cornstalk, which floats so gracefully from our window, was brought to us by Mr. P. Castle. It was taken from a patch of sowed corn which he raised in his garden, and measures 11 ft. 4 in. We hope no evil-minded person will insinuate that we are badly corned, for we are all right.

—Rev. A. Parke Burgess, of Newark, N. J., preached a Historical Sermon in Prattville, last Sunday morning, and repeated it, by request, at a union meeting in the Presbyterian church in the evening. It was a very interesting, well arranged discourse, and abounded in facts and striking incidents, and was listened to by a large and attentive audience. We understand that it is to be published in pamphlet form.

—At the Reunion of Oswego County Veterans, at Pulaski, last Thursday, it is estimated there were between two and three thousand people in attendance. Pulaski, always hospitable, decorated herself in holiday attire in honor of the occasion, and extended a most cordial welcome to all. The address was delivered by Major H. M. Danforth, and was a model one, and highly spoken of. Capt. E. L. Huntington, was re-elected Vice-President for the town of Mexico.

—When the cat's away, the mice will play. If anything ails this paper, kind reader, you can account for it thusly: Mr. Humphries, our worthy "boss," is away, doing the Centennial, and we regret that his mantle has fallen upon such unworthy shoulders. We have decided, however, to do the best we can, relying upon the good-nature of an indulgent public to overlook our sins of omission and commission, assuring them that "twill all be over soon."

Democratic District Convention.

At the Democratic District Convention held at Pulaski last Saturday, Hon. Avery Skinner was elected chairman, and Edmund Potter, of Parish, and W. E. Sprague, were elected Secretaries.

G. A. Dayton, T. J. Green and G. N. Harding were elected delegates to the Democratic State Convention. G. H. Goodwin, J. W. Shea and James A. Clark were elected alternates.

Hon. Azariah Wart, of Sandy Creek, was nominated for Member of Assembly. Cortland C. Brown, Jas. W. Shea and Potter were elected delegates to the Congressional Convention.

The following is the town committee for Mexico for the ensuing year—S. R. Spooner, Joseph Simens, Jacob Brown.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.—At the above Convention, held in this village, yesterday, (Wednesday), the committee on contested seats had a long session before it was decided which of the Oswego delegations should be admitted. The following is the ticket finally nominated: County Clerk, Daniel E. Taylor, of Granby, on the 7th ballot; Justices of the Sessions, Isaac R. Parkhurst, of Scriba; Coroners, Dr. Caldwell, of Pulaski, Dr. Barnes of Oswego, and Dr. Hammett, of Phoenix.

Full silver trimmed Single Harness for \$20, at Pruyn's.

(Continued from first page.)

end, with thin board partitions about six feet high and three and a half wide between each two desks. These stalls gave the appearance of a livery stable, and were intended to assist in the preservation of order. The worthy principal and trustees forgot that in each school boys' organization there are two unruly members, the tongue and jack-knife, and that the diligent exercise of the latter would soon provide for exercise of the former.

An academy, especially in a new country, is a solid product of slow growth, requiring time for taking root, and for development, before it can become vigorous. Frequent changes of administration are injurious, and the adoption of untried methods or experiments usually unfortunate. From 1828 to 1832 there were several principals employed, Profs. White, Brooks, and Shephard followed each other in rapid succession, and there was a short interregnum when Orla H. Whitney occupied the room for a non-classical high school.

During this period society was in a state of ferment. In the State political affairs were in a chaotic condition. Old parties were breaking up. Foolish issues were raised. The anti-masonic excitement raged. In the church, was the same spirit of uneasiness. New doctrines were advanced, and there were resorts to new methods of awakening religious interest.

So in the schools were new notions. Speaking of this excitement another has said, "it invaded the realm of education; it questioned the old methods of mental discipline; it arraigned, tried and condemned the classics, it swept away, with its fiery breath, the forms and methods, and processes of intellectual culture, in accordance with which, ever since the revival of letters, the mind of the civilized world had been trained to thought and expression. It created institutions, where with new methods of mental development, there should be associated the toil of physical labor; and thus it sought to give at once vigor of body and mind." In 1833 our academy was swept into this whirl of experiment. Mason W. Southworth was recalled and placed in charge of a much talked manual labor school. Fifteen acres of land across the street were contracted for, ten were plowed and planted, and students ceased to dig among Latin and Greek roots, to find intellectual development concealed instead about the roots of corn. Boys of all ages, booted and barefooted, left the well regulated farms and fields of their fathers to study the science of the plow and hoe under the tuition of a self-handed collegian.

The crop of corn is said to have been fair the first year, the crop of scholars not recorded. Reaction came after two years of failure.

In 1835 Dr. Geo. G. Hapgood entered upon his duties as principal. He was a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, a man of solid acquirements, an erudite classical scholar, a thorough disciplinarian, and an enthusiastic instructor. He loved the cause of education and devoted to it the best years of his life. At the time just prior to his death he was a professor in Syracuse University.

He was principal of our academy five years at one time, and two at another, the interval being spent at Cazenovia as principal of the flourishing seminary at that place.

A few weeks since, after a long and useful life, his remains were brought in accordance with his own wish, and laid at rest in our quiet cemetery near the scene of his former usefulness. Though his form lies low in the narrow house, may not his spirit hover to-day about this place he loved so well? During his first year, the school outgrew the accommodations afforded. Many students were attracted hither from abroad and under his active direction, generously seconded by Mr. Southworth his predecessor, measures were inaugurated for erecting the second academy building.

A subscription amounting to \$1,529 was obtained and in 1836 a wooden structure, 28 by 56 ft. and three stories in height, was erected immediately in front and adjoining the old brick building. The latter now divided into dormitories formed a rear extension to the more pretentious edifice then erected.

From this point, the academy assumed position as one of the most successful in the state. It had hitherto done its work amid many unfavorable surroundings; upon a cramped and limited scale; with frequent changes of teachers, and through the era of wild experiment; but for the times, it had done well. It had now an able, and determined man at the head, a well equipped corps of assistants, and a commodious and pleasant building.

Many of its students, of that and an earlier day have risen to posts of responsibility. Prepared here for the higher culture of the college, or, entering at once upon the active duties of life, they have taken prominent positions, as educators, in all the professions, on the bench, in the halls of legislation, State and national, and in the Governor's chair. From that time also the annual reports of the Regents of the University show that this institution has occupied an especially high place as an educator of teachers.

Prof. Hapgood reports in 1838 that sixty of his students for the year had been called to the work of teaching, and yet he was unable to supply the demand.

This number has been greatly exceeded in some of the later years, and the same grand work is now going on.

Prof. Benjamin Devendorf for one year, and Rev. Russell Whiting for two years, followed Dr. Hapgood, keeping the school pretty well up to the former standard; then for a year Prof. W. H. Gillespie, and again Dr. Hapgood was installed in his old place.

With him came Margaret Hicks. She as preceptress, introduced the practice of

devoting one hour each day to teaching her young ladies etiquette. To many, this may seem trivial, yet Emerson says, "It is even true that grace is more beautiful than beauty. Yet how impossible to overcome the obstacle of an unlucky temperament, and acquire manners, unless by living with the well-bred from the start; this makes the value of wise forethought to give ourselves and our children as much as possible the habit of cultivated society."

Miss Hicks governed her school by the power of gentleness; and all her pupils revere her memory.

It was during this administration, May 19th, 1845, that the awkward and for a long time meaningless name, "Rensselaer Oswego Academy," was changed by act of legislature to our present simple and appropriate title.

It would be a grateful work to continue the recital of the achievements of all the preceding officers to the present time. They have been uniformly men of talent and learning; and their several careers have been so worthy that even the story of their successes would grow monotonous. All save one since Dr. Hapgood are living; and praise of the living is accounted flattery. Some future historian will do them justice. All of them going out from this place have achieved success, commanded respect, and wielded an influence upon the minds and lives of multitudes.

The long array of subordinate may be equally catalogued to our respect. They have helped to mould the character of our academy, and they too have heard from appreciative lips, the words "go up higher."

It is proper, however, to state that the longest service as teacher, was that of Prof. W. H. Gillespie, thirteen years; Prof. Hapgood's being seven, Prof. McLaughlin's five, Prof. French's four. Mr. French is now Professor of Mathematics in Syracuse University.

During the term of Prof. Abner Davidson's successful administration, there arose in the minds of many shareholders and citizens, the idea that a still greater attendance of scholars might be secured by a transfer of the institution to the Black River Conference. It was thought, that the ministers of that connection, taking an especial interest, might act as agents for procuring patronage. The conference manifested a willingness to assume control, and accepted an assignment of stock from shareholders, to the amount of \$1230; which gave that body the management of affairs.

This seems to have been mistaken action upon both both parts. The institution had been founded and fostered by members of all denominations, and was entitled to their continued interest and respect. It was local in its nature and office. The people of the vicinage felt the friction of the new arrangement more than had been anticipated, and though no special action of the conference was made the particular ground of complaint, still, there was a growing feeling of uneasiness. The conference saw this, and appointing a discreet committee to examine the matter, adopted that committee's report, and re-transferred the institution, May 28, 1853.

The school seems not to have been materially affected in attendance, interest or usefulness during this period. Ever since the erection of the frame building, the affection and interest of the community had been centering more and more strongly about this school. People realized that the position of the town, in wealth, intelligence and morals, had steadily advanced on account of its influence. An enthusiasm for learning and religion had been kindled in that old hall. Every father, mother, professional man, merchant or mechanic, who had there received intellectual culture, inspired in others a hope for something better in themselves.

At this point, one of our citizens made to the trustees a proposition which, if carried out by both parties, would have resulted in adding some \$7,500 to the treasury. This was at first accepted on the part of the trustees, who resolved to make every effort to secure the funds. There were conditions, however, which possibly might have impaired the usefulness of the school; and it was doubtless wise that the proposition was withdrawn, and the action of the trustees rescinded.

The effect of this, however, was to awaken the public mind; and convince the active friends of education that the splendid prizes were still within their reach.

All felt the need of greater facilities at the academy. The old brick portion was sadly out of repair. The later building had proven too small for the increased attendance, it was nearly twenty years old, and compared unfavorably with structures recently erected in other parts of the county for similar purposes. The schools thus established being more attractively equipped, began to draw away pupils. And with great unanimity the citizens of Mexico entered the third time upon the work of raising money.

Six of our citizens, whose names will not be lost, subscribed the first \$2,000. Others followed rapidly and liberally, and before the winter of '54 and '5, over \$8,000 had been pledged.

During 1855 the old time honored brick portion was torn down, and the present substantial edifice erected on its site, while school went on as usual in the frame portion, which remained standing in front. In the fall, this portion having been sold to Mr. Lewis Miller, had its lower story cut away, to make it portable, and was removed to the site where it now does valuable service as a carriage manufactory.

The erection and equipment of the third or present building, involved the trustees in a debt of about one thousand dollars. To meet this, an act of the legislature was procured authorizing the Controller to loan the sum, provided the town, should vote to reimburse, by levy and collection of a tax. A special town meeting was accordingly held, a favorable vote secured, and the institution relieved from debt.

A few years later, by a legacy of Hon.

O. H. Whitney, another \$1,000 was realized which has materially aided in keeping our building in repair.

It is now more than twenty years since this last grand effort was made. The academy has faltered not a moment in its noble work. The children of that day are now stepping into active positions prepared by its agency for lives of usefulness.

The men who founded this institution were thoughtful, and far seeing, wise in their generation, strong in intellect, recipients of honor in their town and county. The names of Dixon, Pratt, Brewster, Hatch, Skinner and their compeers are too deeply written in the history of our town, and the hearts of this people, to need praise from us.

The spirit of rivalry, and a natural pride of place, may have acted upon them, but above and beyond all that they saw the necessity of a higher institution of learning, to perform its part in the education of the masses.

They saw, that men must be governed either by the empire of force, or the empire of reason, by camps and campaigns, or by churches and schools.

The war from which they had just emerged, with all its waste and worry, directed their thoughts to the opposite, and better methods of peace.

Did they not behold in vision a quiet, refined, happy people—their future—our present—grand and wonderful?

All but one have gone above; have passed beyond the reach of human eulogy. Of those who were present at the nuptials, and saw alma mater wedded to us to day at this golden wedding feast.

There are lights of age, into which the fovers and frets, and ambitions of life do not come, where praise does not flatter, and no censure can reach; therefore it will do him no harm to mention that our first secretary, the Hon. Avery Skinner, was one of the foremost of that band; One, who, when some grew cold, still retained his interest and gave substantial support.

Through the darkest hour of struggle he never lost confidence in our success. Honored often by public and prominent promotion, after a long and useful career we doubt if he can point to any public act of life, promotive of more good, and lasting influence, or any which now give him more unalloyed satisfaction, than the part he took in the organization, and preservation of Mexico Academy.

Others are here, who have through long years watched with the same solicitude, and assiduous care; others, whose steps are also hastening to depart. May they, like this aged one, when they near the closing scenes of life, be cheered and comforted by the assurance that their memories will be held in grateful esteem when they shall have stepped beyond the horizon of mortal vision.

Never has our academy done nobler work than it is doing at this time.

Of its present officers and teachers it is not proper to speak in this presence, and on this occasion. Its classes are well advanced, and moving on. During the term just closed, nearly fifty were engaged in the study of the classics, while the classes in mathematics, the sciences, modern languages, and kindred studies, contained their due proportion.

But it is not the bare teaching of the sciences, and classical lore, which is making our students valuable to the world, man educated simply in these is cold, heartless, dangerous; the moral and religious nature must always be carefully nurtured. Recently the friends of William Cullen Bryant presented him with a beautiful vase, on the occurrence of his eightieth birthday; on it were medallions, and bas-reliefs, illustrating the important points in the poet's life and works, beautifully appropriate. It was wrought with the highest skill, by most tedious processes; and, completed, it was in itself an object to excite the wonder and admiration of all. Presented to one other than Bryant, this would have been all. Its marvellous, entrancing beauty lay in the typical relations, of all its parts to the life and history of him who was to receive it.

So, with an educated man, wrought out with all the skill of the most accomplished instructors, his polish is cold and useless, until therealizations which fit him for society appear; until he has been stamped with some expression of his divine nature, and fitted to be presented an appropriate offering of the institutions of earth to Almighty God.

We have seen that the academy was the offspring of the common school. It has become the mother of schools. Where before was one, now are tens; and through them all, the academy is multiplying its influences. The enthusiasm for learning acquired here, is imparted there; and every light kindled here, repeats itself upon a score of hilltops.

There is no antagonism. It is not enough to teach children simply to read, write, and cipher. We may teach just enough to enable our people to read the speech of a demagogue, but not enough to detect its falsity. We may teach just enough to pollute and debase, but not enough to ennoble.

Where there is a free press, there must be thorough education. Every morning and evening millions of newspapers, damp from the press, go flying over the land. If those who buy and read, are refined and cultured, their columns will be filled with the higher literature of the day. If tastes are low, these columns will pander to them. There is no middle ground; neglected schools will poison the body social, and the body politic.

Let the light of our colleges and academies go out, and the light of every common school will burn dim, and grow dimmer. Our farms, and stores, and shops, and pulpits, and churches, will grow dark, and we shall have begun our relapse into barbarism.

Antagonism? No. Attend to the common schools, multiply them, strengthen them, raise their standard, and the academies and colleges will take care of themselves.

Keep all the fountains, and we will have the river.

The old brick school house, was used as a church; the academy has become the mother of churches. Our fathers met here to worship, and here they brought their dead. Now five prosperous churches in the village, and seven more in the town witness the moral influences flowing out from this place. There is in every ray of the sun, some mystic power that ripens all the fruits, brings the golden and purple on the peach, the bloom on the grape, and changes, and sweetens their green and acid juices until they are richer than wine. So in every right education, there is some divine alchemy that purifies the heart of man, changing his baser nature into the golden, and fitting him for worship.

It is the business of schools, to educate the pews; and unless they do, it is useless for colleges to educate the pulpits.

In these days of rifled cannon, and conical shot, our engineers can break down the strongest fortresses of granite and iron, but let them fire into a great mud bank, and their shot bury themselves and are dead. So with ignorant pews, truth can hardly break in upon them, "they have ears to hear and hear not."

Extinguish the light of our academy and we have taken another step back into heathenism.

Our school had its birth in time of war. It was nursed by the spirit of patriotism. It has become the mother of patriots.

When the smoke and fury of war enveloped our nation, and threatened its life, had we gone through the lines of all our armies, and there called the roll of teachers and students of Mexico academy, from almost every regiment and company, from every rank and station, from private and general, would have come the hearty response, "Here."

The boys of our schools are the true standing army of a free people.

The little fellow in the gutter is part of our king. He is one of our sovereigns; and we must educate him as a sovereign, or suffer from his misrule.

"There is no one in so high position that he does not need education of the masses. No one so low that he may not feel its elevating influences."

Extinguish not the light of our academy and schools, lest the State, too, go backward into misrule and anarchy.

In the arms of the friends of the schools, churches and good government we must leave our cherished institution. You who have felt its fertilizing, purifying influences penetrating into all the veins and fibers of your social and political life, must take care of its future.

Would we make it a tree of centuries, we must not treat it as the plant of a season; each succeeding generation, must prune, and watch, and water, and enrich it; must see to it that all the forces required for its best development are fully supplied. Then, surely, all may rest in its refreshing shade, and gather of its ample fruitage.

The earth would be soaked and soured with the rains which came to refresh it, if it gave nothing back to the clouds again; but no sooner is it drenched, than from every speckle and grain of sand, and pebble, and rock, and moss, and blade of grass, goes on the work of evaporation; and as though this were not enough, every rootlet and spangole, sucks up the refreshing draught, and sends it up through pore and grain, to spread it up through the highest leaves and petals of flowers, and all join to send back their vapors to the skies laden with the fragrance of thankfulness.

Let all make return to alma mater as they have been refreshed; and when the years shall be founded into the full measure of the century, there will come a day of greater rejoicing for alma mater, and a blessing of God for still grander work which will then crown her with glory.

Cornell University.

By an act of the legislature passed in 1865, and amended in 1872, each Assembly District in the State is entitled to the appointment, each year, of one scholar residing therein, to a "Free Scholarship in Cornell University."

An examination of candidates from Oswego County for said appointment, will be held at Gray's Hotel, in the village of Pulaski, Aug. 28, 1876, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

R. SIMPSON, JR.,
F. H. BERRY,
J. W. LADD,
School Com'rs,

Aug. 14th, 1876.

Harrah for the Bakery.

In order to lessen the expense for regular customers, I will now exchange 12 tickets for a dollar greenback. Each ticket good for 1 loaf of Bread or its equivalent in other bakestuffs. Figure on it and satisfy yourselves that it is cheaper than you can bake, and buy all your bread at the Bakery. Groceries at bottom prices.

JOHN WHYBORN.

County Grange Picnic.

The Grangers of Oswego County will hold their annual picnic at Pleasant Point, in the town of New Haven, on Friday, Sept. 8, 1876. Teams will meet those who arrive by the cars at the railroad crossing and convey them to the picnic grounds. Hon. T. A. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange, will deliver an address on the occasion. The public in general are cordially invited to attend.

By ORDER OF COM.
A. L. SIMPSON, Sec'y.

Fresh roasted coffees of the best grades at Whyborn's. Also fresh crackers a specialty.

NEW HAVEN.

The festival given by the M. E. Church, at Dempster Grove, last Friday, passed off very pleasantly. They realized about \$41. The Helicon Band of Mexico added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. On their way home they gave Mr. Shepard a serenade.

The Sabbath-schools of the Methodist and Congregational churches are to have a basket picnic at Pleasant Point, on Friday next, the 25th.

The rain we had last Friday night was very refreshing.

It is reported that there was a slight frost in the vicinity of Texas this morning.

Mr. Geo. H. Myers is at home on a short vacation.

New Haven, Aug. 21, 1876.

Old Settlers' Reunion.

The Old Settlers' Association of Oswego county will hold its next annual meeting and picnic on the Fair Grounds at Oswego Falls, Tuesday, Aug. 29, 1876, to meet at 10 o'clock A. M. The officers of the Agricultural Society have generously offered the grounds and buildings free to the "Old Settlers' Association" for the day, and it is intended to make the meeting one of much interest.

The ground itself is an attraction, being delightfully situated on the border of that romantic little lake, Nea-tah-wan-ta; the buildings are capacious enough for all, and the surroundings well calculated to add to the pleasure of the visitor.

It is desirable that every town in the county be represented at the meeting, and that those who attend may be prepared to furnish historical facts that will be of interest to the Association, and for record.

All who wish can bring baskets of eatables, from which to feed the hungry. A good time is expected, and all are cordially invited to be present. J. B. GALLAGHER, F. W. SQUIRES, Secretary, North Volney, Aug. 14, 1876.

Hayes and Wheeler Club.

A Hayes and Wheeler club was organized in this village, on Friday evening. The following officers were elected: President—Newton Hall, Vice-President—L. H. Conklin, Recording Secretary—L. L. Virgil, Corresponding Secretary—V. S. Stearns, Reader—D. W. C. Peck, Treasurer—Geo. P. Johnson.

THE SYRACUSE MORNING STANDARD, which has heretofore reached here in the evening will hereafter arrive about 7 p. m., the morning of publication. This is a change that our merchants and others will appreciate. The Standard is an excellent paper, admirable in its news department, and vigorous and outspoken in its editorials. L. L. Virgil is agent for it.

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives suffering from dyspepsia, a disordered stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating, and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is Dr. Cass's Radical Cure. Sold by E. L. Huntington, Druggist, Mexico, N. Y.

A 25c. bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself!

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it.

Wonderful Success!

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Oswego Flour, Winter, \$1.80; Spring, \$1.65.
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1876. Winter Arrangement. 1876

On and after Monday, Nov. 17th, and until further notice, passenger trains will run on this road as follows, (Sundays excepted):—

Leave Mexico, 8.42 a. m.; arrive at Rome, 10.40 a. m.; 11.15 a. m.; Albany, 2.20 p. m.; New York, 7.00 p. m.
Leave Mexico 2.15 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 4.07 p. m.; Cape Vincent 5.00 p. m.
Leave Watertown 5.40 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 8.22 p. m.; Rome, 8.42 p. m.; Utica, 9.15 p. m.; Albany, 12.40 a. m.; New York, 6.30 a. m., Sleeping car through to New York.

Leave Mexico, 8.15 a. m.; arrive at Oswego, 8.20 a. m.; 8.15 a. m.; 1.25 p. m.; 3.30 p. m.; 4.10 p. m.; 7.42 p. m.

LEAVE NEW HAVEN. Going West 7.15 a. m.; 12.57 p. m.; 3.43 p. m.; 5.27 p. m.

J. W. MOAK, Gen'l Supt
H. T. PRARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

Prohibition Convention.

The Prohibitionists of Oswego County will meet in convention at the Court House, in the village of Pulaski, on Saturday, the 24 day of Sept. next, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of putting in nomination county officers, to